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That is why Australia is building up her Navy, Army and Air Force to maximum strength. That, too, is why so many of the best of our manhood are joining the services and providing the armed strength we must have to deter "would-be" aggressors and to protect our country if the need arises.

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Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.

W.M.47

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11 FEB 1952

I want a man!

by Richard Stern

THEY met at a dance at the club. J. Thomas said, "This is my niece from California. Name of Alberta Truesdale; why, I don't know—never could find out. Howard Lewis."

"How do you do," said Howard.

Bertie smiled at him sweetly. "Don't mind my uncle," she said. "I beat his ears down to-day on the golf course, and he doesn't like it."

Howard sat down. He smiled at J. Thomas. "You were off your game, sir?"

"No," Bertie said. "He was right on his game."

There was silence. J. Thomas drummed his fingers upon the tablecloth. "She did beat me," he said reluctantly. "But even the pro—"

"The pro humors you," Bertie said. "Probably he likes his job here. It does you good to take a whipping every now and again. You get things too much your own way." She turned to Howard.

"He's the old he-coon in these parts, and that's not good for anybody, is it?" She waited. "Isn't that right?"

"Ah," Howard said, "maybe you'd care to dance, Miss Truesdale." He looked at J. Thomas. "If you don't mind, sir?"

"No," said J. Thomas. "Take her away."

They went out on to the dance floor. Bertie moved into his arms. She said, "What's his hold over you? Did he watch when you hid the body?"

"Well," Howard said, "I—I'm a lawyer."

"And that proves what?" She leaned far back and looked up at his face. It was a good face, she thought; the proper number of features reasonably well arranged. She concentrated on his chin, which was square and solid. She wondered if it ever stuck out. She doubted it.

"Well?" she said.

"Occasionally," Howard said, "Mr. Truesdale—ah, your uncle—"

"I see," Bertie said. "Sometimes he throws a little bone your way, and you chew it and say, 'Thank you, sir.' Like everybody else."

Howard said nothing.

"The old reprobate," said Bertie. "I'm going to teach him to play gin rummy just so I can whip him at that." She brooded on the possibilities, her head again tucked beneath Howard's chin, her feet and her body following his lead with almost unconscious grace.

The floor was crowded, and he held her close. She was warm and strong and alive.

"You—ah—dance well," Howard said.

Bertie leaned back again and stared up into his face. "I can cook, too," she said. The music stopped and they stood there, waiting. Bertie said, "And I'm looking for a man. Know any?"

Someone nearby snickered. Howard looked uncomfortable.

"Don't mind the gallery," Bertie said. "Just keep your head down and play straight for the pin." She paused there. "And don't think I'm fooling, either. About the man, I mean." The music started. She moved back into his arms. "You cut a fair caper on the dance floor yourself."

J. Thomas made a gesture of rising when they returned to the table. He indicated three drinks. "Thought you might be thirsty," he said.

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ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

"If I am to be an old maid," she thought, "I'll have to learn to entertain myself."

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I Want a Man

Continued from page 7

SIPPING at his own drink, J. Thomas said: "She was a spindly little brat when she was a pup. They didn't think she'd live. My brother gave her a set of golf clubs when she was five. Now look at her. Champion this, champion that."

Howard was looking. He had not taken his eyes from her since they sat down. "I—ah——" he said.

Howard took her home that night, some hours after J. Thomas had left. He saw her to the door of the vast stone house and stood by while she got the door open.

"I enjoyed it," he said. "I'm—ah—glad you stayed."

"So am I." She stood there, looking up at him, waiting.

"Well," Howard said. "It's pretty late, isn't it?"

"Come down here," Bertie said. She hooked her hand behind his head. Her lips were soft and warm and clinging.

She was singing softly as she walked across the great hall and up the stairs. She passed J. Thomas' sitting-room, where J. Thomas, in slippers and a robe and with a bottle of cognac at his elbow, was studying a large illustrated book on golf.

He laid the book down and studied Bertie's face. "From the looks of you," he said, "I don't suppose I have to ask how you made out."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," said Bertie, "if I wake up in the morning and find I'm in love."

"The poor fool," J. Thomas said. "Good-night."

By breakfast time the next morning—so quickly does the virus work—Bertie's case of mental chills and fever was full-blown. J. Thomas watched her ladle sugar into her coffee.

"Is that nine or ten?" he said. "I lost count." He paused. "Shall I ring for another sugar bowl?"

"All right," Bertie said. "All right." She put down her spoon. "So I only met him last night and I don't know much about him." She looked at J. Thomas. "I think falling in love at first sight's the best way."

J. Thomas made no comment.

"Maybe he isn't much of a person," Bertie said. "Well, neither am I."

J. Thomas shook his head. "Modesty doesn't become you; you're out of character."

"Character," Bertie said. She dug listlessly at a grapefruit. "I guess I am a character."

J. Thomas said nothing.

Bertie put down her spoon. She faced him almost with defiance. "You don't approve, do you?"

"Years ago I stopped giving advice. It's baying at the moon."

"Do you like him?"

"Well," said J. Thomas, "he's a nice young fellow. Maybe a little too nice. Maybe he doesn't rate high in what we used to call gumption. Want to whip me at golf to-day?"

"No," Bertie said. "I'm going hunting."

"Good luck," said J. Thomas.

* * * *

Bertie spent an hour and a half getting herself dressed to go out, a thing unknown before. She fussed with her hair, she fussed with her nails, she even put on a hat. Her stomach felt empty and there was panic in her chest, like on the first tee, with the gallery gathered and hushed, watching.

"Straight for the pin," she said aloud. "That's the only way to play it." She picked up her gloves. He might at least have phoned, she thought.

She went downstairs and got out one of J. Thomas' cars. She put the top down. And then she drove into town, feeling the wind cool and fresh upon her face.

She found Howard's office without difficulty. The secretary said, "Mr. Lewis is engaged."

"I'll wait." She sat down and thumbed through a magazine, staring at it and seeing nothing but her own thoughts. She was silly, she decided, a silly female who knew only golf; and she debated leaving.

But she sat on, and at last the door to the inner office opened and Howard and a man came out, and the man eventually went away. Howard stared at Bertie.

"Hi," Bertie said. She supposed that the secretary was smiling, but it didn't seem to matter. So I'm wearing my heart on my hat, she thought; so all right. She stood up.

Howard said, "Ah — come in."

"Thank you," said Bertie.

Howard closed the door. "This is a surprise," he said.

"I came," Bertie said, "to let you take me to lunch. I mean, if you're hungry."

"Frequently I am," Howard said, and he was smiling now, easy and sure of himself in his own surroundings. "Isn't everybody?"

"Mostly," Bertie said. She stood there, holding her bag in both small hands, wondering what to do, what to say now. She had not planned beyond this; she decided that she had not actually planned at all.

"It—it didn't occur to me that you might be busy. I mean——"

"But I'm not. I think lunch is a good idea," he said. He was smiling still. He took her elbow in his hand. "You're a funny little character."

Bertie nodded. She looked up at Howard and said, "I—ah—I think I ought to know your intentions."

She saw the swift change in his face. He stood there for a long time, looking down into her face. The smile remained, but its quality was no longer the same.

"My intentions," he said finally, "are food. Satisfactory?"

"I——" Bertie said. She managed to find a smile of her own, but it was not a very good one. "I guess so," she said.

"And now that we understand each other," said Howard, "let's eat."

It was mid-afternoon when Bertie got home. She left the car in front of the house and she went in, not quickly, not singing. J. Thomas called to her from the library. She went in and sat down on the arm of the chair.

J. Thomas studied her in long silence. "How are you hitting them?" he said.

"Rotten."

"It happens to the best of them sometimes," J. Thomas said.

He picked up a box from his desk and held it out to her. "This came just after you'd gone."

Bertie opened the box and looked at the flower that was inside, a single golden orchid, its throat flecked with brown. She read the card: "Mr. Howard Browning Lewis." And in his handwriting: "Good morning." She looked at J. Thomas and she swallowed hard. "Oh," she said.

"It would have looked good on that suit, with that hat," J. Thomas declared. "If you'd waited till it arrived."

"What's that they say," Bertie said, "about fools rushing in and stamping around until the ice breaks, or something?"

"You fell through?"

"I——" Bertie said. She fought hard, but it was no good. Two tears appeared and rolled slowly down her nose. "I nearly drowned."

"Tears," J. Thomas said. He was clearly uncomfortable.

Bertie glared at him. "I'm human, aren't I?" She picked up her box. "Now I'll go and lick my wounds."

J. Thomas watched her cross the hall and start up the great stairway, small and proud, holding herself erect. Then he leaned back in his chair and stared at the top of his desk.

"I always wondered what uncles were for," he said finally, and reached for his telephone.

Bertie was in slacks when she came downstairs again, and she wore a scarlet sweater, against which the golden orchid stood out brilliantly. "Looks silly, doesn't it?" she said.

Please turn to page 38

FOR THE CHILDREN

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QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Arabella

Seventh instalment of our ten-part serial

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LONDON society pays flattering attention to lovely ARABELLA TALLANT when she comes from her obscure Yorkshire vicarage home to spend a season with her godmother, wealthy LADY BRIDLINGTON.

Actually, this is because Arabella, piqued by the behaviour of society leader ROBERT BEAUMARIS, told him that she is fabulously wealthy, and this brings fortune-hunters flocking after her. Even when Lady Bridlington's son WILLIAM denies the tale, hearing it without knowing its origin, they are undeterred, thinking he wants to marry the heiress himself.

Beaumaris, knowing the tale to be quite untrue, embarks on a light flirtation with Arabella, then finds his interest in her genuinely aroused when she befriends a small chimney sweep, then rescues a mongrel dog from larrikins. He surprises himself by agreeing to take charge of both of these.

Meanwhile, unbeknown to their father, Arabella's brother BERTRAM, calling himself ANSTEY, comes to stay in London with a friend, FELIX SCUNTHORPE. Beaumaris, after drawing him out in conversation, rather cryptically declares to the dog Ulysses that he must pay a long overdue visit to his grandmother. NOW READ ON:

EARLY next morning, Mr. Beaumaris sent for his curricle. Ulysses, who had shared his breakfast, bundled ahead of him down the steps of his house, leapt into the curricle and disposed himself on the passenger's seat with all the air of a dog born to the purple.

"No!" Mr. Beaumaris told him, very forcibly.

Ulysses descended miserably from the curricle and prostrated himself on the flag-way.

"Let me tell you, my friend," said Mr. Beaumaris, "that I have a certain reputation to maintain, which your disreputable appearance would seriously jeopardise. Do not be alarmed! I am not, alas, going out of your life for ever."

He climbed into the curricle, and said, "You may stop grinning, Clayford, and let 'em go!"

"Yes, sir!" said his groom, obeying both these behests, and swinging himself expertly up on to the curricle as it passed him. After a minute or two, having twice glanced over his shoulder, he ventured to inform Mr. Beaumaris that the little dog was following him.

Mr. Beaumaris uttered an oath and reined in his reluctant pair. The faithful hound, plodding valiantly along, with heaving ribs and several inches of tongue hanging from his parted jaws, came up with the curricle and once more abased himself on the road.

"Well," sighed Mr. Beaumaris. "I suppose you are capable of following me all the way! It now remains to be seen whether my credit is good enough to enable me to carry you off. Get up!"

Ulysses was very much out of breath, but at these words he mustered up enough strength to scramble into the curricle once more. He wagged a grateful tail, climbed on to the seat beside Mr. Beaumaris and sat there panting blissfully.

Mr. Beaumaris read him a short lecture on the evils of blackmail, which sorely tried the self control of his groom, discouraged him peremptorily from hurling a challenge at a mere pedestrian dog in the gutter and proceeded on his way.

. . . . .

The Dowager Duchess of Wigan, who was the terror of four sons, three daughters, numerous grandchildren, her man of business, her lawyer, her physician, and a host of dependents, greeted her favorite grandson characteristically.

He found her imbibing nourishment in the form of slices of toast dipped in tea, and bullying the unmarried daughter who lived with her. She had been a great belle in her day and the ravages of her former beauty were still discernible in the delicate bones of her face.

Upon her butler's ushering Mr. Beaumaris into her morning-room, she directed one of her piercing looks at him, and said, "Oh! So it's you, is it? Why haven't you been to see me since I don't know when?"

Mr. Beaumaris, bowing deeply over her hand, replied imperturbably, "On the occasion of my last visit, ma'am, you told me you did not wish to see me again until I had mended my ways."

"Well, have you?" said the Duchess.

"Certainly, ma'am; I am in a fair way to becoming a philanthropist," he replied, turning to greet his aunt.

"I don't want any more of them about me," said her grace. "It's bad enough already to have to sit here watching Harriet at her everlasting knitting for the poor. Here, Harriet. Take this rubbish away and tell Hadleigh to fetch a bottle of Madeira—the good Madeira! Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now you have had the impudence to show your face here again?"

Mr. Beaumaris, closing the door behind his aunt, came back into the room and said with deceptive meekness that he was happy to find his grandmother in such excellent health and spirits.

"Graceless jackanapes!" retorted the Duchess with relish. She ran her eye over his handsome person. "You look very well—at least, you would if you didn't make such a figure of yourself in that rig! When I was a girl, no gentleman would have dreamed of paying a social call without powder, let me tell you! If you can sit down in those skin-tight breeches, or pantaloons, or whatever you call 'em, do so!"

"Oh, yes, I can sit down," said Mr. Beaumaris, disposing himself in a chair opposite to hers. "My pantaloons, like Aunt Harriet's gifts to the poor, are knitted, and so adapt themselves to my wishes."

"Ha! Then I'll tell Harriet to knit you a pair for Christmas."

"I beg of you, ma'am, to refrain. The embroidered slippers which reached me last Christmas tried me high enough. I wonder what she thought I should do with them?"

The Duchess gave a cackle of laughter. "Lord bless you, she don't think! You shouldn't send her handsome gifts."

"I send you very handsome gifts," murmured Mr. Beaumaris, "but you never reciprocate."

"No, and I never shall. You've got more than's good for you already. What have you brought me this time?"

"Nothing at all—unless you have a fancy for a mongrel dog?"

"I can't abide dogs or cats either. Fifty thousand a year if you've a penny, and you don't bring me as much as a posy! Out with it, Robert! What did you come for?"

"To ask you whether you think I should make a tolerable husband, ma'am."

"What?" exclaimed her grace, sitting bolt upright. "You're never going to offer for the Dewsbury girl?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Oh, so that's yet another idiot who's wearing the willow for you, is it?" said her grace. "Who is it now? One of these days you'll go a step too far, mark my words!"

"I think I have," said Mr. Beaumaris.

She stared at him, but before she could speak her butler entered the room and set down a tray, casting as he did so a very expressive look at Mr. Beaumaris. Mr. Beaumaris nodded his understanding, rose, and went to pour out the wine.

He handed his grandmother a modest half-glass, to which she instantly took exception, demanding to know whether he had the impertinence to suppose that she could not carry her wine.

"I dare say you can drink me under the table," replied Mr. Beaumaris. "But you know very well it's extremely bad for your health, and you cannot bully me into pandering to your outrageous demands."

He then lifted her disengaged hand to his lips, and said gently, "You are a rude and an overbearing old woman, ma'am, but I hope you may live to be a hundred, for I like you so much better than any of my other relatives!"

"I dare say that's not saying much," she remarked. "Sit down again, and don't try to hoax me with any of your faradiddles! Out with it now. Who is she?"

Please turn to page 10

"Pray don't be such a dead bore," Beaumaris said, coolly breaking in upon Mr. Epworth's proposal.

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Dentists recommend

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Arabella

Continued from page 9

MR. BEAUMARIS said gravely, "If I didn't know from bitter experience, ma'am, that nothing occurs in London but what you are instantly aware of it, I should say that you had never heard of this girl. She is—or at any rate, she says she is—the latest heiress."

"Oh! Do you mean the chit that that silly Bridlington woman has staying with her? I'm told she's a beauty."

"She is beautiful," acknowledged Mr. Beaumaris. "But that's not it."

"Well, what is it?"

He reflected. "She is the most enchanting little wretch I ever encountered," he said.

A smile played about his lips. "When she is trying to convince me that she is up to every move in the social game, she contrives to appear much like any other female, but when, as happens all to often for my comfort, her compassion is stirred, she is ready to go to any lengths to succor the object of her pity."

He concluded ruefully, "If I marry her she will undoubtedly expect me to launch a campaign for the alleviation of the lot of climbing-boys and will very likely turn my house into an asylum for stray curs."

"Oh, she will, will she?" said her grace, staring at him with knit brows. "Why?"

"Well, she has already foisted a specimen of each on to me," he explained. "No, perhaps I wrong her. Ulysses she certainly foisted on to me, but the unspeakable Jemmy I actually offered to take under my protection."

"Stop trying to gammon me!" the Duchess commanded. "Who is Ulysses and who is Jemmy?"

"I have already offered to make you a present of Ulysses," Mr. Beaumaris reminded her. "Jemmy is a climbing-boy whose wrongs Miss Tallant is determined to right. I wish you might have heard her telling Bridlington that he cared for nothing but his own comfort, like all the rest of us; and asking poor Fleetwood to imagine what his state might now be had he been reared by a drunken foster-mother and sold into slavery to a sweep."

The smile was on his lips again. "Alas that I was not privileged to witness her encounter with the sweep! I understand that she drove him from the house with threats of prosecution. I am not at all surprised that he cowered before her; I have seen her disperse a group of louts."

"She sounds to me an odd sort of a gal," remarked her grace. "Is she a lady?"

"Unquestionably."

"Who's her father?"

"That, ma'am, is a mystery I have hopes that you may be able to unravel."

"I?" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you think I can tell you!"

"I have reason to believe that her home is within easy reach of Harrowgate, ma'am, and I recall that you visited that watering place not so very long ago. You may have seen her at an Assembly, or have heard her family spoken of."

"Well, I didn't," replied her grace bitterly. "What's more, I don't want to hear anything more about Harrowgate! A nasty, cold, shabby-genteel place, with the filthiest waters I ever tasted in my life. Why, I had to take all my own bed linen with me."

"You always do, ma'am," said Mr. Beaumaris, who had several times been privileged to see the start of one of the Duchess' impressive journeys. "Also your own plate, your steward, your—"

"I don't want any of your impudence, Robert," interrupted her grace. She gave her shawl a twitch. "It's nothing to me whom you marry," she said. "But why you must needs dangle after a wealthy woman beats me."

"Oh, I don't think she has any fortune at all," replied Mr. Beaumaris coolly. "She only said she had to put me in my place."

He came under her eagle stare again. "Put you in your place? Are you going to tell me, sir, that she ain't tumbling over herself to catch you?"

"Far from it. She holds me at arm's length. I cannot even be sure that she has even the smallest feeling for me."

"Been seen in your company often enough, hasn't she?" said her grace sharply.

"Yes, she says it does her a great deal of good socially to be seen with me," said Mr. Beaumaris pensively.

"Either she's a devilish deep 'un," said her grace, a gleam in her eye, "or she's a good gal. I didn't think there was one of these niminy-piminy modern gals alive that had enough spirit not to toadeat you! Should I like her?"

"Yes, I think you would, but to tell you the truth, ma'am, I don't care a button whether you like her or no."

Surprisingly, she took no exception to this, but nodded, and said, "You'd better marry her."

"That being agreed," said Mr. Beaumaris, rising from his chair. "Shall I propose to Arabella, risking a rebuff, or shall I address myself to the task of convincing her that I am not the incorrigible flirt she plainly thinks me?"

"It's no use asking me," said her grace. "It wouldn't do you any harm to get a good set down, but I don't mind your bringing the gal to see me one day." She held out her hand to him, but when he had punctiliously kissed it and would have released it, her fingers closed on his and she said, "Out with it, sir! What's vexing you, eh?"

He smiled at her. "Not precisely that, ma'am—but I have the stupidest wish that she would tell me the truth."

"Pooh, why should she?"

"I can think of only one reason, ma'am. That is what vexes me," said Mr. Beaumaris.

On his way home as Mr. Beaumaris drove up Bond Street he was so fortunate as to see Arabella, accompanied by a prim-looking maidservant, come out of Hookham's Library.

He pulled up immediately and she smiled and walked up to the curricle, exclaiming, "Oh, how much better he looks! I told you he would! Well, you dear little dog, do you remember me, I wonder?"

Ulysses wagged his tail in a perfunctory manner, suffered her to stretch up a hand to caress him, but yawned.

"Ulysses, try to acquire a little polish!" Mr. Beaumaris admonished him.

WITH a laugh, Arabella said, "Ulysses — is that what you call him? Why?"

"Well, he seemed, on the evidence, to have led a roving life, and judging by the example we saw it must have been adventurous," explained Mr. Beaumaris.

"Very true!" She watched Ulysses look up adoringly into his face, and said, "I knew he would grow to be attached to you; only see how he looks at you!"

"His affection, Miss Tallant, threatens to become a serious embarrassment."

"Nonsense! I am sure you must be fond of him or you would not take him out with you."

"If that is what you think, ma'am, you can have no idea of the depths to which he can sink to achieve his own ends. Blackmail is an open book to him. He is well aware that I dare not deny him, lest I should lose what little reputation I may have in your eyes."

"How absurd you are! I knew, as soon as I saw how well you handled him, that you know just how to use a dog. I am so glad you have kept him with you."

She gave Ulysses a last pat and stepped back on the flagway. Mr. Beaumaris said, "Will you not give me the pleasure of driving you to your door?"

"No, indeed, it is only a step!"

"No matter; send your maid home! Ulysses adds his entreaties to mine."

As Ulysses chose this moment to scratch one ear, this made her laugh.

"Mere bashfulness," explained Mr. Beaumaris, stretching down his hand. "Come!"

"Very well—since Ulysses wishes it so much," she said, taking his hand, and climbing into the curricle. "Mr. Beaumaris will see me home, Jane."

He spread a light rug across her knees, and said over his shoulder, "I have recalled, Clayford, that I need something from the chemist. Go and buy me a—a gum plaster! You may walk home."

"Very good, sir," said the groom, at his most wooden, and sprang down into the road.

"A gum plaster?" echoed Arabella. "What in the world can you want with that?"

"Rheumatism," said Mr. Beaumaris defiantly, setting his horses in motion.

"You? Oh, no, you must be quizzing me!"

"Not at all. I was merely seeking an excuse to be rid of Clayford. I hope Ulysses will prove himself an adequate chaperon. I have something to say to you, Miss Tallant, for which I do not desire an audience."

The color receded suddenly from her cheeks. Rather breathlessly, she asked, "What is it?"

"Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

She was stunned, and for a moment could not utter a word. When she was able to control her voice a little she said, "I think you must be quizzing me."

"You must know I am not."

She trembled. "Yes, yes, let us say that that was all it was, if you please! I am very much obliged to you, but I cannot marry you!"

"May I know why you cannot, Miss Tallant?"

She was afraid that she was about to burst into tears, and answered in a shaken tone, "There are many reasons. Pray believe it is impossible."

"Are you quite sure that these reasons are insuperable?" he asked gently.

"Quite, quite sure! Oh, please do not urge me further! I had never dreamed—it never entered my head—I would not for the world have given you cause to suppose . . . Oh, please say no more, sir!"

He bowed and was silent. She sat staring down at her clasped hands, her mind in a turmoil, tossed between surprise at such a declaration, coming from one whom she had believed to have been merely amusing himself, and the shock of realising, for the first time, that there was no one she would rather marry than Mr. Beaumaris.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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A short story complete on this page

By K. M. MONTGOMERY

Louise stood transfixed, seized with terrible apprehension, as the car driver took up the heavy spanner.

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

REWARD FOR TREACHERY

Each had a plan—perfect, foolproof. But they reckoned without the strange tricks that human frailty plays in times of stress.

GATHERING up his tools, Arthur Johnson walked hurriedly towards the house. The moon filtering through the trees threw a patchwork of black and silver over the neglected garden and gave it a romantic beauty. There was nothing to show that the murdered body of a woman had just been buried there.

In the kitchen of the house he poured himself a drink and dropped into a chair. His fingers trembled as he lit a cigarette. He had done many petty criminal acts during his life, and had actually been proud of his cunning, but this thing—this murder—was a new and terrible experience.

The thing was, he hadn't meant to do it, but there it was, the inescapable fact. He had murdered his elderly wife, Effie, whom he had married only three months ago.

He took a gulp of his drink and huddled back into the chair, remembering——

Only two hours before he had risen from the dinner table, saying lightly to Effie: "Well, I'd better be making tracks. I want to get to town reasonably early to-night so I can check into a pub and get a decent sleep. Got a long day on the road to-morrow. You haven't given me that money yet, so get it, like a good girl. After all, that's the idea of this trip."

Effie sat there gazing up at him rather speculatively. She had been quiet and thoughtful all day, and Arthur had wondered uneasily if she had become suspicious. He had been very careful; even his visits to Louise had been skilfully engineered. But now, as Effie still sat there with that queer look on her face, he began to wonder.

"Well?" he said, a trifle impatiently, "aren't you going to get the money?"

Effie's thin fingers went to the chain about her neck, and to a small key dangling from it.

"I — I've changed my mind, Arthur," she replied, lowering her eyes nervously. "I've been thinking it over. There's no point in your investing my money for me. After all, I removed it from the bank because I'd been having queer dreams about the banks failing. So you see, there's just no point in it." She spread her hands appealingly.

Arthur choked back his anger. Effie's faltering words spelt the ruin of all his plans and his future life with Louise, who even now would be expecting and waiting for him. He stared with thinly veiled anger at the sallow, ageing woman before him.

"Well, for crying out loud!" he exclaimed. "This is a fine time to change your mind! You were quite agreeable before! Why, we had it all out. You've only got this house, the car, and three thousand pounds. It's so—ridiculous. We can't live forever on your capital."

He went on insistently: "Don't be a fool, Effie. Give me the money. Or by heaven I'll tear that key from around your neck and get it myself!"

Effie rose from the table, eyes glinting defiance and cheeks staining a dull pink.

"I tell you I won't give you the money, and that's final. I've changed my mind. If you're so worried about living on my money, why don't you take a job? Sometimes I think you just married me for my money," she added petulantly.

Arthur advanced menacingly around the table. And suddenly all reason deserted him. He was conscious only of failure—failure that meant the loss of Louise, lovely Louise, with her dark, smouldering beauty. It was his mad passion for her that had driven him to this risky plan.

She had taunted him and driven him, and threatened that failure would drive her into the willing arms of some fellow she frequently mentioned, by the name of Jack Shore.

"Give me that key!" he snarled, hands clutching for the chain about her neck.

Effie backed away, her eyes filled with fear and sudden loathing. Arthur rapped his shin sharply against a chair, and the pain sent a hot flood of blind rage through him. Before he even seemed to realise what he was doing, his hands were on her throat . . .

Arthur finished his drink and reverently took up the brief-case stuffed fatly with Effie's money. He blew out the lamp, locked the back door, and went out into the darkness of the night.

Nobody would get suspicious for a while, he reassured himself, Effie had nobody, and they had lived a quiet life and it was lonely there.

"Anyway, by the time anybody gets curious, Louise and I will be across the briny and wearing new name tags," he assured himself.

He didn't look back at the house as he drove rapidly away.

. . . . . .

It was three hours later and Arthur Johnson was standing in the living-room of Louise's flat, his arms about her, his eyes devouring her face.

"What's wrong?" he was saying. "Aren't you glad to see me? Aren't you glad that now we can be together for keeps? Louise, answer me!"

Louise shook away from him and gave him an unfathomable look, but when she spoke her tone was warm enough.

"Don't be a fool! Of course I'm glad to see you. If I seemed a bit abrupt when you came in, it's because I've been worried. In your letter you said you'd be here by eleven. Instead, you're late. I didn't know what to think!"

Arthur, a little mollified, kissed her, and then, remembering, added reproachfully: "What's a man to think, then? The minute I poke my nose in the door you rush up hollering 'The money, you got the money?'"

Louise shrugged angrily. "It wasn't as bad as all that! Anyway, what do you expect? You've been buttering me up for months about the stuff. About all the places we'd go and what you'd buy me and——"

She paused and her voice softened again. "Darling, let's not quarrel now. It's late, and we're both tired. You go on back to your hotel. I'll be ready by the time you said."

"I'm sorry," Arthur murmured contritely. "I guess I am tired. Well, this time to-morrow we should be in Brisbane, and then it's the first plane we can get."

After he had gone, Louise leaned for a while against the door, smiling faintly. Then she went to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

. . . . . .

The car swept along the highway and soon left the town far behind. A drizzle of rain fell, making visibility poor, so Arthur, preoccupied with his driving, had little to say.

Louise stole a glance at him from time to time, and then more furtively at the brief-case that was wedged behind his back and against the seat. The thought of the three thousand pounds made her lick her lips greedily.

Louise felt a little sorry for Arthur now. She had only ever tolerated him because of the good times he had always managed to give her, and when he had begged her to marry him one night, she had laughed scornfully and told him to call again when he had a steady job and a decent bank balance to show her.

A few weeks later he'd come back. He had a job as chauffeur to an eccentric old woman who wanted to marry him, he'd said. Then he'd outlined the plan he had in mind, about marrying her and gradually persuading her to put up some capital for a certain foolproof scheme.

It had sounded very silly and melodramatic to Louise at the time, but she had cynically agreed to run away with Arthur, if and when the plan worked.

It was soon after that that she'd met Jack Shore and, quite unaccountably and much to her chagrin, fallen madly in love with him.

One night, in the hope of stirring up a little jealousy in Jack's shallow heart, Louise had told him of Arthur and his plans. Far from being jealous, however, Jack had been vastly interested. He insisted that she encourage Arthur in every way.

When it became evident that Arthur's plan was working out, Jack insisted that she now become impatient and set a deadline. He then outlined his plan to her.

For a while she had protested. But in the end she gave in. The money was everything, and it was better to share it with Jack, whom she loved, than Arthur, who meant less than nothing to her.

Incredibly enough, too, the money would be all in banknotes. There would be nothing to connect them with the business, if the woman were to get suspicious and put the police on Arthur's track . . .

The car purred on and on, and presently the road wandered to the coast. Soon they were driving with the sea roaring against the cliff beside them, and a wall of rock towering above them on the other side.

Suddenly their lights revealed a car drawn up on the inner side of the road, and the figure of a man stooping over the raised bonnet of the engine.

"Looks as if he's stuck," Arthur muttered. "He can stay that way!"

Louise felt her face drain and a horrible nervous feeling in her stomach, but she pulled herself together.

"Don't be so mean!" she snapped. "How would you like anyone to leave you stranded on a lonely road?"

"All right then," Arthur shrugged, but added sulkily, "though it's no time to be playing good fairy. We're on the run, remember?" He drew up.

The man was standing erect now, and waiting expectantly. Arthur climbed out and went over to him. "What seems to be the trouble?" Louise heard him call.

She got out of the car, in a frenzy of nervous anxiety. Near her the man had picked up a heavy spanner.

She wanted to shriek, "Arthur, Arthur!" but her throat closed up on the sound. She stared glassily as Arthur, round the other side of the car, bent over the engine and she saw the other man flash quickly round there; saw his upraised arm. She could almost feel the impact of the blows that rained down.

Then she heard a hiss at her: "Get into my car. I must get him out of the way quickly. Might be another car along."

Louise stumbled to Jack's car, and, climbing in, rested her throbbing head upon her knees. She heard Arthur's car come to life with a sudden roar, then a splintering, tearing, thud-thud-thudding, that finally died away in a rattle of stones and a splash that was drowned in the roar of the sea. Footsteps came running back to the car, and Jack climbed in, breathing heavily.

"Give me the money!" he demanded roughly. "I'll take care of it."

Louise raised her face and stared at him with stunned eyes, her mouth gaping stupidly. At last her voice came in a hoarse whisper. "The money! Oh, the money!"

Jack stared at her unbelievingly for a long moment, then comprehension came.

"You fool!" he choked, "you fool!"

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A complete short story by STUART CLOETE

Let's try again

The things that live and grow—these are the real essentials of happiness, Joyce thought, if only John would realise it.

WHEN a man gets an idea, it is subject to change. It is like a pair of garters. It can be let out, made smaller, or even put away in a drawer and forgotten. But when a woman has an idea, it is as solid and immovable as a block of concrete.

Joyce Farrell had an idea. It was a very reasonable idea—a second honeymoon in the same place that she had spent her first, and with the same man, her husband, John.

She was worried about John. But her worries weren't the usual worries of a woman who has been married for ten years. He was faithful to her. He didn't drink too much or gamble. He was, in fact, a perfect husband.

His only fault was that he worked too hard. And his heart was giving him trouble because, like so many men who work too hard, he played too hard, too. Too many sets of tennis, too many holes of golf, too much swimming on week-ends and when they had their holidays. That was why she wanted this one her way.

When she suggested it, John agreed, as she thought he would, and it was over a week before he said, "But Honeymoon House is ten miles from a golf course and there's no swimming except in the dam."

But by then it was too late. The arrangements had been made, and she'd planned it so that they'd arrive ten years and four days after their anniversary just as they had after their wedding day.

Somehow she felt that if they could return there something would happen, some miracle take place. She did not imagine that they could go back, because people can't go back. But they can go forward. And now they weren't going forward. They were like swimmers just treading water, using all their energy to stay in one place.

Honeymoon House wasn't the name of the place. It's real name was Riet Vlei—Reedy Marsh. But everyone called it Honeymoon House, and old Bill Wentworth had come to like the new name.

It was thirty years since Elsie had died, and Elsie had been the mainspring of the place. It had been Elsie who'd made him buy it when they'd struck it rich. She had said, "We'll make a home here, Bill, a place of peace and beauty." And that was what they'd done. She'd often exclaimed, "What a place for a honeymoon!"

That was after the things she'd planted had grown and the birds had come. Birds by the hundred when they found they weren't disturbed. Elsie planted things for the birds. Mulberries and figs and apricots.

"We'll plant plenty," she said. "Enough for them and for us." And the buck had increased when they weren't shot, and he and Elsie had tamed some of the young ones.

That had been the beginning of the honeymoon idea. After she'd died it came back to him. It was what she'd like, he thought, and he'd moved out of the house into the small cottage and let it be known that he'd rent the house, but to honeymooners only. After that, one couple had recommended it to another.

He looked at the letter in his hand. Joyce Farrell wanted to come back for a month. It was funny that so few who came back the second time could take the place. Something had gone out of them. They came and stayed a few days, wandered about, looked at the trees and flowers and birds, and went away again with some excuse—business, or mother was ill. Always some excuse.

The old man wondered if Joyce would be different. He remembered her well. A tall, fair girl, like a golden daffodil. And her husband, John, had been a good match for her. A big, rawboned man who'd helped him about the place.

He got out his visitors' book. Must be ten years ago they'd come on their honeymoon, he thought. He looked it up. Exactly ten years ago, it was—to the very day. Joyce Farrell was special in a way, because her mother and father had been the first pair to come here. Thirty years ago that was. He looked at the beginning of the book. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waters. Joyce Waters was coming back after ten years of marriage. Coming next week.

He wondered what she'd be like now. A woman of thirty was different from a girl of twenty. He wondered if they had children. He wondered what her life had been in Johannesburg, in London, Paris, New York. She'd written to him a few times. Sent him post cards of foreign parts for his collection; and stamps, too. Her husband's business had taken them abroad a lot.

A sugar bird came and drank nectar from the red honeysuckle by the window. A living jewel of a bird—metallic-green, with a blood-red throat. A living emerald set with rubies. What a lot of them there were now. A lot, because there were flowers for them, and peace. Where there were no flowers he grew them. Little bottles filled with honey mixed with water hung on wires from the trees.

They were arriving on Wednesday. He'd start cleaning the place up with Maria on Monday. Clean it out from end to end, and pick flowers for it. Pick the flowers Tuesday night, he thought, in case they come early.

Unless someone was coming he never picked flowers, any more than he ever killed any of his poultry. Friends they were. The birds and flowers. Friends and companions. Why, some of the geese were still alive that Elsie had raised. And they might still be alive when he was dead, he thought; still be alive when he went back to Elsie.

He thought of the other animals. Almost every month someone brought him something—cranes, tortoises, jackals, buck; pets of all descriptions, which for some reason they could no longer keep. He took them all.

. . . . . .

When the Farrells got to the top of the hill and looked down on the valley, Joyce said, "Pull up, John, and let's look at it."

Her husband stopped the car and they got out.

Joyce said, "It hasn't changed much, has it? The trees look bigger, but that's about all."

"Why should it change? Nothing ever happens here. It's out of this world."

"It's out of our world. It's funny to think of it, isn't it, John? Of things—trees and people just standing still and growing. Nothing ever happening."

Her husband didn't say anything. It was Joyce's idea to come here. And he wasn't sure if it was a good one. You couldn't go back. You weren't what you were before. But when she got an idea—

Joyce went on, "Do you remember how there was no time here? How he didn't even have a clock, or at least one that went? How we lost a day and we argued about it until he rode over to a neighbor to find out if it was Thursday or Friday? And the neighbor wasn't sure, either?"

She began to laugh. "Fancy us losing a day! When you can lose days you're happy, John. Why, that could almost be a definition of happiness."

Back in the car, they started moving slowly down the hill. A bushbuck ran across the road. A covey of pheasants ran along in front of the car and then rose with whirring wings. This was the beginning of Riet Vlei, the beginning of Honeymoon House, where for forty years nothing had been shot, nothing frightened.

She's changed, old Bill thought. Yes, she'd changed. But ten years was a long time in the life of a woman. At his age, ten years ago seemed like yesterday. But it was one third of her life. One day in every three she'd lived since then.

He tried to think how she'd changed. She'd filled out, of course, that was natural enough, and she'd grown a bit, or seemed to have. But that was natural, too. There still could be an inch or two of growth in a girl of twenty. But that wasn't the end of it.

Well, he'd find out later. Later she'd talk to him. Wonder if they'll be different from the others who come back to recapture something.

Old Bill didn't see much of them the first day. Acted too busy with his birds and his cows, but to-day her husband had taken the car and gone off with his golf clubs. Why did these men—he'd seen it before so often—have to continue to repeat the pattern of their lives over and over again, like men in prison, like trained dogs forever leaping through the same hoops?

He put down his hoe and fetched a pair of pruning shears. He'd find the girl. Wherever she was, there'd always be something he could prune a little. Not that he held with pruning—not more than need be. Just enough to help the tree, cutting away the dead stuff and cleaning up the overcrowded bits. Had to give them light and air. Had to let them breathe.

He found her by the Wishing Well. That had been Elsie's idea—to give the different parts of the garden names. There was the Wishing Well, a spring where mauve zimbabwe creeper climbed over a wooden framework to shade the elephant ears and maiden-hair fern that grew on the stone-lined bank.

There was Adam's Rib Gorge, because Adam's ribs—a kind of wild monthretia—grew there. And Scorpion Gorge, because they'd seen a scorpion there once—a female scorpion with her young clustered on her back, holding firmly on to her tail. There was the hill that Elsie had named Friendly Mountain, and the Big Melkbos and the Little Melkbos, and the Fontein-Bos Wood.

Joyce was sitting by the spring, staring into the water as it bubbled out of the mountain. When he came she looked up and said, "I saw a frog. I was watching it. It looked at me with big golden eyes."

"You haven't changed," he said. "You still like things like that."

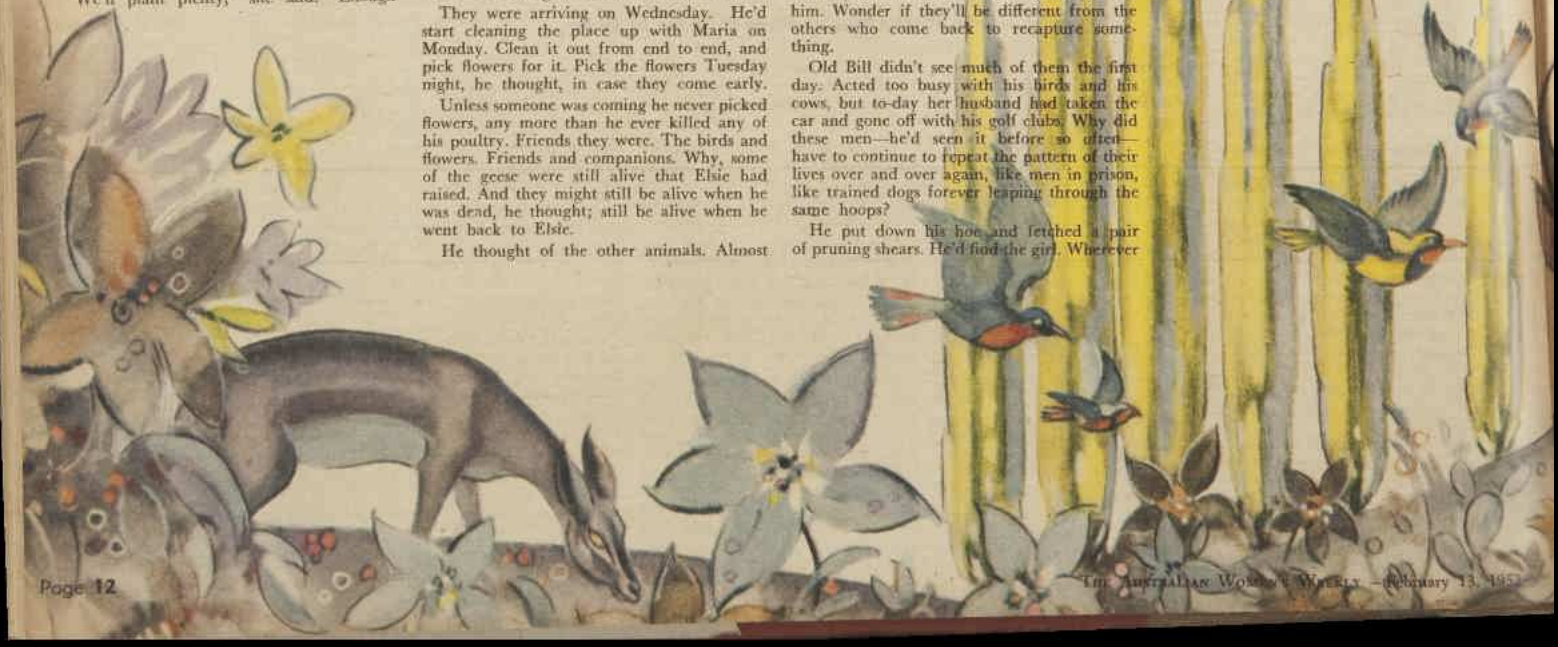
"It's wonderful to find them the same. Even the same frog, perhaps, or one of its children."

"There were frogs here in your mother's time, too," he said; "big golden-eyed chaps, and platanas in the dam—thousands of them. Man came once and wanted to catch them. Wanted to use them for tests, he said. 'Well,' I say, 'I don't want my frogs used for no tests. They live here, same as I do.' I listen to them at night. My orchestra, that's what they are. The big booming ones, and the little tiddlers with singing sacks half the size of their bodies, an' the middle-sized ones whose music comes in between the big drums and the flutes."

He sat down beside her. "I said to him, 'Do you expect a chap like me, who lives all alone, to sell his orchestra?' So he went away with no frogs an' a flea in his ear."

"You're a dear, funny man," she said.

"That's what lots of them say," he said. "But I'm happy. Happy as I can be, because, even if I don't see her, Elsie is around again. At first it was bad," he said. "Very bad. No



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ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD GREEN

one to show things to, things that I'd done, things I'd made. But then one day she came back. I could feel her at my side. An' she's never left me since. Helps me a lot about the place, Elsie does, with advice and so on. You see, they know things over there. See that Cedrela toona?" he said, pointing to a big, beautiful, dark foliaged tree.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, for four years that tree wasn't happy. It was one of the last trees we'd planted together, so I was worried about it, then she told me to move it, and I did. And look at it now. You know," he said, "with a tree, if you go up to it quietly and hold its bark you can feel if it's well or not. It's as if it had a fever sometimes. Feels hot and dry. But if it's well and happy it's cool and smooth to your hand. Gives you a rich sort of feel from the life pulsing in it. Why," he said, "the bark of a tree's like a woman's face—not that you see many nowadays. It's paint, not blood, that warms their cheeks."

"Like mine," she said.

"Like yours and everybody else's."

"I look so pale without it," she said.

"If you look pale, you are pale," he said. "A month here and you can chuck the stuff away. Not that you ain't pretty," he said, "but you're pretty like a painted picture. But you're an original, you are. You're a work of God—the subject, not the painted copy."

She was coming round. He was bringing her round, softening her up as it were, peeling away the skins of her heart the way you skinned an onion, and it nearly brought tears to his eyes to see her becoming a girl again as the hardness of her city armor fell away from her.

"It's like it was," she said. "It's like it was, only more so. Can we stay a month?" she asked.

"A month or longer. You know," he said, "I had an idea when you said you were coming. I had an idea you might buy the place."

"We couldn't afford it," she said. That seemed as good an answer an any.

"Yes, you could. It's a valuable place now; but, then, there's the servitude. That brings down the price a lot."

Please turn to page 36

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92% of dental-decay bacteria in the mouth destroyed by KOLYNOS—the ACTIVE dental cream

Kolynos is the most active dental cream you can use. As you clean your teeth, you can *watch* Kolynos at work . . . bubbling away with energy. And each busy Kolynos bubble contains special ingredients which destroy harmful mouth acids—and kill dental bacteria. *Scientific tests made at famous North American and European Universities prove that Kolynos destroys up to 92% of bacteria in the mouth which cause dental decay!* Whichever way you look at it, Kolynos is the most *active* dental cream of all . . . giving you the most protection and value for your money. Make Kolynos your family dentifrice.

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Change to KOLYNOS the ACTIVE dental cream

KY52-2

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 37 February 13, 1952

TAX REBATES FOR EDUCATION

NO doubt there are expenses more worthy of income tax concessions than those incurred as fees at private schools.

Many people take the view that if you can't afford to send your children to private schools you should send them to public schools instead of clamoring for tax rebates.

They include those who argue that private school education is snobbery.

Parents, however, have a number of reasons outside snobbery for choosing private schools.

One is that the majority of private schools are denominational, and for many the most important motive for choosing such a school is the desire for religious instruction according to the parents' belief.

Another is the need for boarding schools. This applies particularly to parents living in remote places.

Private schools cater for about 20 per cent. of the girls and boys in the Commonwealth, and State Governments could not, at this time, do without them.

Already educational authorities are hard-pressed for space and staff.

The parent who sends his child to a private school is charged between £30 and £150 a year. As well, he pays taxes for free school facilities he does not use.

It can be argued that he does so only from choice.

It can be argued, too, that a tax concession similar to those allowed on dentists' bills is no more than just.

OUR COVER

The engaging smile belongs to six-year-old Lillian Merrypor, of Tanby, Central Queensland. Staff photographer Clive Thompson took the picture when on an assignment in Rockhampton.

This week:

● Since the pictures on the page opposite were taken, Mr. John Snow has become a member of Sydney's Society of Gourmets. The other members are Don Carlos Zalapa, Consul for Brazil, Mr. S. S. Klingenberg, Consul-General for Norway, Mr. Jay Stanley, businessman and farmer, Mr. Frank Keane, solicitor, and Mr. J. K. Walker, managing director of a wine firm.

The society has its own dining-room and kitchen in former cellars, 99 years old, beneath the Royal Exchange Building in Sydney. Members take it in turn to cook the society's monthly luncheon. The chef of the month hands his bills to the secretary, and members share the expenses equally.

● On page 19 are pictures of the Sydney production of "A Sleep of Prisoners," Christopher Fry's play specially written for performance in churches. Fry, now 44 years of age, has had a sensational post-war success as a playwright. He began his career as an actor, was a failure; became a schoolmaster, didn't like it; and returned to the theatre. It was only in 1949, when John Gielgud produced "The Lady's Not For Burning," that Christopher Fry suddenly became famous. By 1950 he had three verse plays, all box-office successes, running simultaneously in London.

Next week:

● A special section of Australian autumn fashions comprising 12 pages, five of them in color, is included in our next issue. The fashions cover the full range of autumn clothes—coats, suits, wool frocks, after-five ensembles, and evening gowns. They are all made by Australian manufacturers, and most of them will sell at prices within reach of the average woman. We tell you the sizes and colors in which they are available, and add a "Buying Guide," giving the names of stores where they can be bought.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

SECRET
by
Michael Amrine

SELDOM has a new author been so fortunate in the material at his command than former American newspaperman Michael Amrine, who, during the war, was publications editor for the scientists who worked on the atom bomb.

Later he collaborated with Albert Einstein on a pamphlet named "Then Shall We Find Courage," and with another eminent scientist, Dr. Harold Urey, on the post-atomic warning "I Am a Frightened Man."

In "Secret," his first novel, Amrine gives us an extraordinarily fascinating study of these frightened men, the atomic scientists who left their work for humanity for that of destruction.

Professor Halverson, "a lanky young-old man of under 40," in 1943 was called by the Army from his researches at an American university into the effects of radiation on cancer, and invited to take part with some of the world's greatest physicists on the largest experiment ever attempted by man.

It was the making of an atom bomb. With his wife and children he moved to Oak Ridge, that secret city of whose 75,000 persons "not a hundred knew what was being made."

There B. F. Halverson, who had never thought that a research paper might be guarded by a gun or a brain protected by a military policeman, remained for what the author calls "the years of darkness"—1943-45.

Unlike many of his colleagues on the Manhattan Project, Halverson's hair did not go grey. But after the fearful day of July 16, 1945, he was a changed man.

For on that day he had been among those to see the sun rise twice when the first atom bomb was exploded at Alamogordo, New Mexico.

After Hiroshima, Halverson was asked to head a mission to Japan to study the effects of atomic radiation.

Having believed all his life in the free exchange of scientific knowledge among men, Halverson at the war's end saw the atomic secret remain under military control.

Tormented and bewildered, he asked himself: "Where does a scientist's loyalty lie? Towards country or towards mankind?"

He made a public statement that led to his being questioned by the War Department, the Department of Justice, the Red-hunting F.B.I., and finally being called to appear before the Senate Loyalty Committee.

Cleared, he returned to his teaching and research and the university life that he thought had vanished forever.

Then, after three quiet years, "as suddenly as it used to happen in the old days, he found himself on a train to Washington."

Just as in 1943, he was asked to work on a secret project. Only instead of killing by bombardment of particles from without (as with the atom bomb), this "greatest weapon against personnel ever devised" was calculated to kill by chain reaction from within.

Here is an unusual book that both men and women will find absorbing.

"Secret" is published by Heinemann. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 165C, G.P.O.
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THESE COOKS HAVE TASTE

Some of Australia's most exclusive eating is done by members of Sydney's Society of Gourmets. Its rules lay down that the Society must never at one time comprise more than six members. Pictures on this page show one of Sydney's most knowledgeable amateur cooks, John Snow—a likely future Gourmet member—preparing a luncheon as guest chef to the Society. His menu was:

Hors d'oeuvres

Snapper tails wrapped in aluminium foil and baked in brown butter and olive sauce

Chicken in aspic

Salad Caesar

GUEST CHEF John Snow arrives (above). In accordance with Society rules, he has planned his own menu, done his own marketing, and brought special kitchen equipment from his home.

HORS D'OEUVRES (left) include raw baby cauliflower heads to be dipped in thousand island dressing, and soft herring roes served hot from a chafing dish.

GOURMETS' DELIGHT are hors d'oeuvres arranged on scrubbed boards. Members of the Society are self-proposed. To qualify for election, they must each plan and cook a superlative meal.

MAIN DISH of chicken in aspic is decorated with a pate made from chicken livers. The aspic is made with a chicken stock to which white wine has been added.

CROUTONS are fried in garlic butter and added to Salad Caesar, made from lettuce, French dressing, egg, and cheese.

SOCIETY OF GOURMETS and guests enjoy John Snow's meal at a circular table in a converted 100-year-old wine cellar beneath the Royal Exchange. No woman may be a Gourmet Society member.

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P1/161

step up "SLUGGISH" LIVER restore REGULARITY

A sluggish liver causes weariness, depression, lack of pep, skin faults, constipation.

Chamberlain's Tablets give the liver a gentle nudge—get it working actively again.

Often it's a "sluggish" liver that causes constipation, indigestion, heavy, sick headaches, tired feeling and a sallow, spotty complexion. Why put up with these unpleasant symptoms when Chamberlain's Tablets can so quickly bring you back to sparkling health?

Chamberlain's aid in gently stimulating liver function, help the flow of liver bile to the intestines, restore regularity, assist in clearing the skin.

Non-habit-forming, without harsh action, they prove for themselves how good they are.

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A GENTLE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE

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Koalas happy in U.S. zoo

Woman director makes them personal charges

By PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

Mrs. Belle Benchley, director of the famous San Diego Zoo in California, is the only woman zoo director in the world. She is also the only zoo director, outside of Australia, to have koalas in the zoo she controls.

Early in January the N.S.W. Government permitted the export of four bears to America to appear in the film "Botany Bay."

DIRECTOR of the San Diego Zoo, California. Mrs. Belle Benchley, handles one of the koalas sent from Australia for the film "Botany Bay." The koalas are attracting big crowds.

THE ban on the export of bears was waived largely because Mrs. Benchley was able to prove she could feed them properly.

She planted 20 years ago the varieties of eucalyptus trees bears favor, so that they would have the right type of leaves to eat should she ever secure specimens.

Until very recently the greatest attraction at the zoo has been a baby gorilla, of which Mrs. Benchley was, and still is, inordinately proud. She raised it from birth.

To-day, however, the limelight goes to the four koalas which flew in from Australia early last month to take part in Paramount's "Botany Bay" film, now in production, and the first koalas ever to be given a good chance to survive, and even to thrive, outside their native land.

About 20 years ago a couple of bears were smuggled out of Australia.

One of the animals died before it reached the United States. The other somehow got into the possession of a member of the wealthy Spreckels family, who tried frantically to save it by feeding it milk, bread, and eucalyptus drops.

When it became obvious that the little bear was starving to death it was rushed to the San Diego Zoo in the hope that Mrs. Benchley could save it. But it was too late, and the second tiny creature died of malnutrition.

Mrs. Benchley decided right then and there that if she should ever be lucky enough to get another chance at one of these enchanting little fellows she would know exactly what to do.

She wrote to Australia for information and found out that the koala lives on twenty-six different types of eucalyptus trees.

There are now 2000 of the proper eucalyptus trees growing in her zoo.

On these the visiting Australian movie stars can not only survive, but actually thrive, as is evidenced by the fact that one of the females is soon to become a mother.

Mrs. Benchley's sense of humor revealed itself when she told me mock-seriously that the tiny bundle-from-heaven will be the first koala in history to be born on American soil, thereby becoming the first American citizen of its breed! It will be called "Botany," regardless of sex!

Mrs. Benchley is a kindly, motherly soul of 68.

She has a keen sense of humor and often becomes quite poetic when describing her charges. She possesses the deep tenderness so often found in true animal-lovers, but she can certainly dress down an attendant who doesn't feed the animals properly.

Mrs. Benchley is truly the boss-lady of the San Diego Zoo, one of the best, most complete, and most scientifically run zoos in the United States.

New England born, Mrs. Benchley came to southern California many years ago with a 14-year-old daughter. She had lived on a farm most of her life and was somewhat at a loss as to just what kind of work to seek.

She applied to the City of San Diego and was promptly given a job as book-keeper for the then little-known zoo.

I was curious to know how one goes from book-keeping to zoo-keeping, and she told me with a distinct twinkle in her eye:

"The truth is I was such a bad book-keeper that the powers-that-be suggested—oh, very politely, to be sure — that I might do better looking after the animals. I heartily agreed. They made me the director! And I have loved every minute of it."

Mrs. Benchley's natural touch with birds and animals has afforded her much gratification over the years. Despite great odds and in the face of the scepticism of many colleagues, she raised a baby giraffe successfully. It was later sold to an Australian zoo.

Mrs. Benchley was once informed by scientific experts that it would be absolutely impossible to raise an Arctic moose in the sub-tropical climate of San Diego. Well, you guessed it. The lady did raise her moose right there!

One result of all this is that Belle Benchley is now considered to be one of the greatest authorities in her field. This gives her a tremendous kick, since she is entirely self-taught.

Mrs. Benchley told me that the bears were "born hams," and that John Farrow, who is directing the movie "Botany Bay," is sure to have a problem.

The koalas will undoubtedly try to steal every scene from stars Alan Ladd, James Mason, and Patricia Medina. And Mrs. Benchley would like nothing better than to see them succeed!

After their long flight from Australia the bears were met at the Los Angeles airport by an impressive reception committee, headed by Mrs. Benchley, of course.

Others present were the chief veterinarian of the San Diego Zoo, a high-ranking botanist, several agricultural inspectors, four Paramount executives, and a Customs official.

The newsreel cameras were on hand and the little visitors from "down-under" caused quite a sensation.

After a short stop at the studio, where they were photographed with the stars and their director, the bears were rushed to San Diego, where they will stay until it is time for them to appear before the cameras.

Until they become acclimatised Mrs. Benchley is keeping them in two large open stone cages, glass-backed to allow plenty of light and sunshine.

Canvas tops and sides keep out the draughts. They are the picture of contentment and seem perfectly at home, which makes their keeper very happy. When they go to work in Hollywood Mrs. Benchley will be on the set all the time.

No one else will be permitted to handle them.

The San Diego Zoo boasts a superior collection of Australian beasts and birds: kangaroos, wallaroos, wallabies, two dingoes, several emus, rosellas, cockatoos, and a kookaburra which will laugh madly on cue from a particular keeper.

On checking with Mr. Farrow I was told emphatically that this entire group will appear in "Botany Bay," but Mrs. Benchley is convinced that the koalas will outshine them all.

Already they are the greatest attraction her zoo has ever had, and she knows that she is the envy of all the zoo directors in the world, except those in Australia.

"I'll take a koala rather than a platypus any day," Mrs. Benchley said. "They really draw the crowds."

Naturally, having seen and heard about so many Australian animals, I asked if Mrs. Benchley had ever been to Australia. She gave me a mischievous grin and replied, "No, I never have, but I certainly must do so before I get old."

FILM STARS James Mason and Patricia Medina make friends with their fellow actors—two koalas from Australia.

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Station hosts prepare for Royal guests

Elizabeth and Philip will relax in beautiful old Riverina homestead

One of the four private homes in which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay in Australia is "Coonong," N.S.W., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey.

The Royal visit will revive the splendor of past hospitality at "Coonong," where, at the turn of the century, its previous owner, the late Sir Samuel McCaughey, often entertained important overseas visitors.

By JOYCE BOWDEN

AMONG the plans which Mr. and Mrs. McCaughey will suggest for the Royal visitors' entertainment will be a bush picnic, complete with billy tea.

Irish-born Mrs. McCaughey has lived in Australia for 10 years, but she told me that the bush picnic had never lost its novelty and appeal for her.

She is sure that anyone coming from overseas would enjoy it as much as she does.

"My husband and I want to make the Royal couple's stay with us as restful and as happy as possible so that they can relax from their arduous official duties," Mrs. McCaughey told me.

No other guests have been invited to "Coonong" during the Royal visit there.

Princess Elizabeth and her husband will be able to see whatever they wish of the surrounding country and the various features of life on a sheep station.

"I hope they'll be interested in seeing the whole performance of shearing—from the sheep's back to the wool bale," said Mr. McCaughey.

There will be a full moon on one of the nights the Royal party will be at "Coonong."

Moonlit lake

"IT'S gardens and lake look lovely by moonlight, so I'm delighted," said Mrs. McCaughey.

"Very often when we go out on to the plains we see brolgas, or native companions.

"I'm hoping they won't be shy at the sight of Royalty, and that Princess Elizabeth will be able to see the birds in their natural setting and 'dancing' their ballets.

"They're really more graceful than any prima ballerina."

The visit to "Coonong" will give Princess Elizabeth and the Duke an opportunity of seeing typical Riverina merino country.

The old homestead will remain unaltered for the Royal visit, but Mrs. McCaughey is redecorating the suite which Princess Elizabeth and her husband will occupy.

The suite will comprise two bedrooms, one of which will be a dressing-room for the Duke, a private sitting-room, sun porch, and bathroom.

Keeping in mind Princess Elizabeth's taste for pastels, Mrs. McCaughey has chosen a delicate pearl-green for the walls.

The French lacquered furniture will be in the same shade, and so will the padded bedhead which is to be appliqued with white glazed chintz lilies. The bedspread will match the bedhead and will have a border of the white lilies.

The curtains will be in pearl-green silk damask and the chaise longue will be buttoned in orchid-pink.

Princess Elizabeth's dressing-table will be draped with the same material as the curtains and will have a mirror top.

The bed-lamps will have white velvet shades lined with orchid-pink.

Lustre lamp bases on the dressing-table will be fitted with white velvet shades lined with the palest orchid-pink.

The built-in wardrobe will be lined with orchid-pink georgette, and the dressing-table drawers will be lined with sachets in the same shade.

The carpet in the bedroom will be just off-white. Over the white marble fireplace will be an old mirror with a gold leaf frame which has been at "Coonong" since the house was built in 1877.

Crystal brackets will be on either side of the mirror.

The bathroom will be cream with pale peach plastic curtains.

Pearl-green walls will be used also for the Duke's dressing-room. The carpet there will be off-white. The curtains will have a cinnamon and oyster-green regency stripe.

This will tone with two period wing chairs upholstered in dull antique copper-peach satin. Lamp bases will be lime-green and bronze with pale yellow shades.

The sitting-room walls will be the palest yellow. A lime-green carpet will cover the floor and the curtains are to be lime-green spotted silk.

The settee is to be covered in olive-green floral glazed chintz which has a design of cameos of deer and a border of pale yellow and copper-peach flowers.

The romantic story of Samuel McCaughey, who came to Australia to make his name and fortune far away from his Irish homeland, will no doubt interest Elizabeth and Philip.

In 1856, at the age of 21, Samuel, uncle of Mr. Roy McCaughey, came from Ballymena, in the North of Ireland, where he had a small property.

With two partners he purchased "Coonong," Narrandera, which was then a cattle property. He turned it into a sheep property and later bought out his partners.

Samuel was financed by an uncle, Sir Samuel Wilson, who had come from Ireland and had properties in Victoria.

Samuel's brothers John and David came out to Australia from Ireland after the death of their mother. David was Mr. Roy McCaughey's father.

There were also eight sisters at home in Ireland, but only one of them, Mrs. Chesney, migrated to Australia.

Later Samuel bought "Singorimba," "Goolgumble," "Coree," and "Yarrabee," all in the Riverina.

When these stations were running successfully Samuel went to the Darling, where he purchased "Dunlop," "Tooralie," and later "Nocholeche."

TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey, who will have Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as their guests at their sheep station, "Coonong," Narrandera, during the visit of the Royal couple to New South Wales.

There were three million acres in these three properties alone, and in a good season a quarter of a million sheep were shorn.

In their early days David and John looked after the Darling interests. When Samuel sold out of these properties David took over "Coree," where Mr. Roy McCaughey was born, and John took up "Yarrabee."

Mr. McCaughey's father bought "Coree," Jerilderie, in the middle of the 'eighties. He married Blanche Gell, daughter of the Hon. Hoskins Gell, of Tasmania.

Huge bequests

SAMUEL, who was knighted in June, 1905, for his philanthropy, remained a bachelor.

There were four children, two girls and two boys, in the David McCaughey family—Mr. Samuel McCaughey, named after his uncle, who has now retired; Mr. Roy McCaughey; Mrs. Tom Grantham, of Victoria; and Mrs. Ted Dermer, of Melbourne.

Mr. John McCaughey, who died in the mid-1920's, was twice married. His daughter, Miss Mona McCaughey, lives in Melbourne. His second wife lives in Sydney.

Sir Samuel, who died in July, 1919, was a staunch Presbyterian. He left part of his huge fortune to the Presbyterian Church. Among the many other beneficiaries were Sydney and Queensland Universities, the Burnside Homes, and Scots College.

He also left sufficient money to educate 28,000 children of deceased and incapacitated servicemen of World War I. Seven of these children later became Rhodes Scholars.

One of the first irrigation schemes in New South Wales was established on one of Sir Samuel's properties, North Yanco, and the town of Leeton was built on part of it.

Now Leeton is one of the biggest fruit and vegetable canning centres in Australia.

Leeton is also the largest rice-producing area in the Commonwealth.

The former homestead has become the North Yanco High School.

In 1942 a charming Irish-woman came to Australia from Singapore as an evacuee.

She was Mrs. H. North Hunt, who before her marriage was Patricia Phelan, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phelan, of Cork and Kilkenny.

A few months after her arrival here she and Mr. Roy McCaughey, then a bachelor, were introduced by mutual friends.

At that time Mrs. North Hunt had not heard the fate of her husband, whom she had had to leave behind in Singapore.

"I received news at the beginning of 1944 that my husband had been killed, and I decided to return to England to make my home there," said Mrs. McCaughey. "It never occurred to me to think of marriage.

"I was discussing my plans for my return to England at a dinner-party one night and afterwards Roy suggested I remain in Australia and marry him," she added.

They were married on March 28, 1944.

"I think I must have been attracted to the Irish in him," said Mrs. McCaughey with a twinkle in her Irish blue eyes when she told me the story of their romance.

"When I think of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip coming to 'Coonong' I think of the first time I went there. I had never travelled such a distance over the Australian countryside before. I was amazed at the great expanse of empty plains and the 'oasis' of the old homestead when we reached it."

Mr. McCaughey bought "Coonong" in June, 1919, on his return from England after World War I.

"Coonong" shears 20,000 merino sheep, all of which are studs.

However, most of the time he and his wife live at another of their properties, Borambola Park, Wagga.

Here Mrs. McCaughey has her famous Borambola Stud of Scottish beef Shorthorns. "My husband and I are rivals, but friendly ones, as I have to depend on him for pasture lands!" she said.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her husband will relax at this beautiful old homestead, "Coonong," Narrandera, during their visit to New South Wales. Here they will have every opportunity of seeing all phases of life on a big sheep station.

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Which Twin has the Toni—

and which the expensive perm?

(See answer below)

Hair styles by leading coiffeur

Toni gives your hair the lustrous, live beauty of naturally curly hair. So say women from all over the world! The secret is that Toni's wonderful creme lotion waves the hair gently, giving you a soft, smooth wave, right from the very first day. No frizzy stage, no brittle ends, no stubborn kinks. With Toni, you can give your hair just the amount of curl you like—a soft, loose wave, or ringlet ends.

It's as easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. And exclusive Toni SPIN Curlers snap shut and halve winding time!

Which twin has the Toni? You can't tell the difference, can you? Actually Kathlene Crescente (on the left) has the Toni, and twin sister Helene the expensive salon perm. Kathlene's next perm will cost even less because all she'll need is a Toni Refill.

SPIN Curler Kit, 30/6
Standard Kit, 26/6
Refill (whole head), 12/6
Junior Refill (odd end curls), 9/-

TONI REFILL

EXPERT ADVICE

If you have any waving or hair-style problems, please write to the Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence St., Sydney.

Both June and Gay Rowlands, of Bexley, N.S.W., although only 8 years of age, have a lovely Toni wave in their silken, flaxen-blond hair. Their mother found it easy to give them a Toni, using the new SPIN Curlers.

Toni

HOME PERM

with SPIN Curlers

THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT *NATURAL* LOOK

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Play presented in church

1 ARGUMENT starts when Peter Able (Leonard Thiele) plays the organ, thus enraging David King (Frank Waters.)

2 CLIMAX is reached when Peter mounts the pulpit and taunts David until David tries to throttle him. Their comrades intervene, and they all bed down for the night.

3 FIRST DREAM of Tim Meadows (Ivan Vander) sees Corporal Joe Adams (Paul McNaughton) as Adam watching his sons, Cain and Abel, play dice for the world.

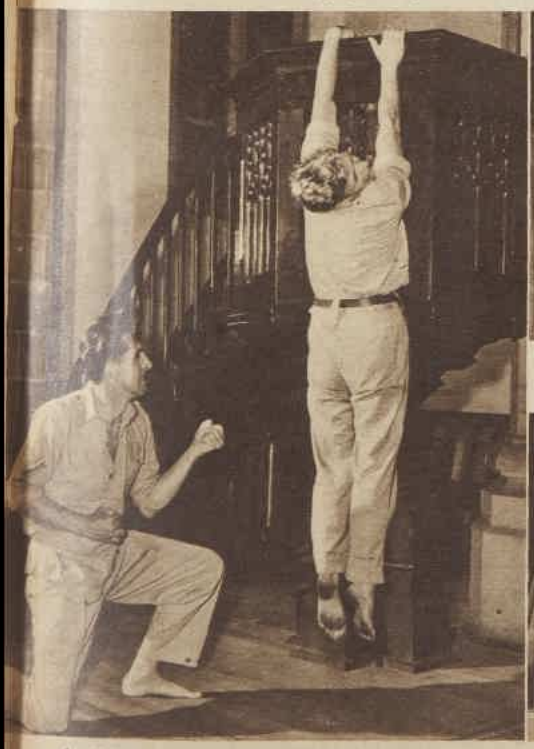
CHRISTOPHER FRY'S new biblical drama, "A Sleep of Prisoners," had its Australian premiere last Friday at Miller's Point Holy Trinity Church, Sydney.

The play, which was written to be played in a church and not a theatre, deals with the age old struggle between war and peace as seen through the eyes of four soldiers who are imprisoned in a church overnight.

The men—four distinctly contrasted characters—begin to argue as soon as they enter the church.

When they go to sleep each dreams of the argument as he sees it through biblical characters that the surroundings have conjured up.

The play was produced by William Orr.



4 AS THE BIBLICAL FIGURE of Absalom, Peter hangs from the church pulpit, unable to defend himself, and is shot down by Corporal Joe Adams, who here plays Joab.

5 ANOTHER DREAM SEQUENCE pictures David as Abraham about to sacrifice his son when an angel, played by Corporal Joe Adams, mercifully stays his hand.

6 DREAMING that he is the boy Isaac, Peter lies asleep on his bunk while a donkey man (Tim Meadows) in the only comedy scene offers him a ride to safety.

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Figure discipline begins with these clever little curve coaxers, in two-way stretch "Power Miracle", the guaranteed non-run mesh. In junior girdles or pantee girdles—both sudsable.

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See the *new* Parker '51' . . . it's a proud possession . . . a perfect gift!

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Mallee dustbowl now land of promise

"WORTH BATTLING FOR" is how Walter Kelly, of Werrimull, and son Frank describe their land and wheat. Bags are used only as containers until wheat is tipped into trucks for the silo.

AFTER more than a quarter of a century of blasted hopes and broken hearts, Millewa wheat farmers are "in the money" because good farming, good prices, and good seasons have synchronised.

The degree of prosperity ranges from "being in the clear" with the local storekeepers to new cars, labor-saving farm machinery, and "fridges."

The Millewa is the pulse of the Mallee. It comprises 800 square miles of country in the Shire of Mildura, in the most north-westerly corner of Victoria, bordering New South Wales and South Australia.

When things are tough in the rest of the Mallee they are terrible in the Millewa.

When I saw the Millewa recently it was a lovely pastoral of natural grasses and waving corn. Man and nature were at last in harmony, after subjecting each other to a long and ruthless ordeal.

In the 1920's, when the Millewa was opened up for closer settlement, land-hungry men rushed to accept the Victorian Government's offer to back them in the purchase of holdings.

The well-timbered virgin scrub country was to be tamed into wheat farms ranging from 640 acres to 800 acres.

Everyone agreed that the estimated yearly rainfall of about 12 inches and the loose, red, loamy soil would combine to produce a good eight bushels to the acre when the land was cleared and carefully cultivated.

About 1000 holdings had been taken up by 1928.

Among the early settlers was Ern Ruchel, who was young when he went there in 1926 with his wife and their little son and daughter, Vernon and Daphne, after share farming at Moorook, South Australia.

The Ruchels, who still farm their original holding at Meringur, are representative of the men and women in the Millewa to-day.

Ern was a model farmer, hard-working, and in love with the land he believed in. Year after year he collected prizes for his clean-fallowed paddocks.

"I used to go round after weeds with a shovel," he recalled, "like a fussy housewife flicking a duster.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Like my neighbors, I paid the penalty."

As the years advanced he saw his land blow away, denuded of natural vegetation, anguished by dry seasons, by overstocking, and by relentless farming.

At 4 o'clock some afternoons Mrs. Ruchel had to light a lamp in the house because raging red sand swirling outside completely blanketed the windows.

This was erosion, the new devil in the Millewa.

But the first really tough break was finding themselves flat broke after their 1929 bumper harvest.

That year the depression hit Australia, and the guaranteed price of 4/- a bushel for wheat fell to 1/10.

Even that money was swallowed by helping to repay Government advances for original improvements to the holding and the cost of harvesting 3800 bags of wheat.

For two years the Ruchels handled only Government food ration coupons to the value of £6 a month for their labors.

Fowls and a few cows helped. Mrs. Ruchel made butter which sold at 1/- per lb. Eggs brought 4d. per dozen.

The Ruchels watched other settlers quitting the Millewa in droves. Some just died there.

The holding next to the Ruchels' was being farmed by a young Englishman. He was bitten by a snake while clearing his land, and died in one of the paddocks.

In the same paddock the next owner was burned to death while putting out a fire which started while he was reaping.

After his death the share-farmer who ran the place for his widow collapsed from heat stroke and died on the job.

Similar tragedies were happening all over the Millewa.

But the Ruchels hung on. "The one thing we had was good health," they said.

Always, Ern husbanded grain from each year's harvest, however bad, to store for seed for the next crop.

In 1935, when the Millewa country produced only an average of one bushel to the acre, Ern Ruchel was ridiculed when he decided to abandon clean-fallowing.

Instead, he ploughed the stubble back into the ground to bind the soil.

"I lost the clean-fallowing contest that year, but I held my soil and I

REFRIGERATOR was one of the first household comforts Mr. and Mrs. Ern Ruchel bought recently. Here Mrs. Ruchel serves her husband a thirst-quencher on his return from a heavy day harvesting with the temperature well over 100 degrees.

MERINGUR FARMER Ern Ruchel and his sons, Vernon and Bill, harvest by machinery. The tractor driven by Vernon (foreground) hauls the header with a hydraulically controlled lift which he built himself. It enables the header to be controlled from the tractor seat.

MOST MILLEWA FARMERS carry a limited head of good stock on which they can fall back if crops fail during a bad season. Here Walter Kelly and Frank Kelly muster merino ewes and lambs on their property at Werrimull. Pictures by staff photographer Johnny Jones.

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• The Millewa, after two decades of depression, soil erosion, and tragedy on a greater scale than most farmers have known, has again become a Land of Promise. In its smiling mood it is now returning incomes of about £4000 a year.

won the harvest competition," he said. "My crop grew up as level as a table."

Before Millewa farmers had a chance of benefiting from the wartime lift in prices, droughts again scourged their land. There were two seasons close together with less than 5 inches of rain. Paddocks were strewn with the bleached bones of dead stock.

The 1944 harvest was 0.01 bushels to the acre.

As soon as the war ended, the State Government set up a committee to see what could be salvaged. This led to a re-subdivision of the area into 112 farms.

It was realised that men could not flog this fine, highly strung soil by close-farming small acreages. A reduction in the number of farms also provided for a more economical distribution of household water, pumped along channels to settlers by the Government from Lake Cullulerraine.

Farmers whose land the Government decided to redeem to enlarge other holdings were to receive maximum compensation of up to £1050 to make fresh starts elsewhere.

Before the scheme was fully implemented, prices of wheat and wool began to soar.

Then a number of factors combined to make the Millewa shape into a Land of Promise.

Rye corn supplied to farmers by the Soil Conservation Board to hold sand drifts took root. With few exceptions, clean - fallowing was abandoned. Crops and natural grasses began to flourish in soil that was watered by an adequate rainfall and farmed with real understanding.

Farmers whose land was to be surrendered to the Government but who had not yet left their holdings decided they wanted to hang on and enjoy the high wool and wheat prices pay-off.

Neighbors' explanation of the "squatters'" argument is that the £1050 compensation offered to them in 1946 is not enough to enable them to make a fresh start in 1952.

Besides, the Millewa, in its generous mood, is now returning farmers incomes of between £3000 and £4000 a year.

This means they are at last getting some of the things most people take for granted but which farmers have had to do without.

"Anyone who thinks prosperity is going to the head of a farmer because he's driving a modern car forgets that he pioneered his holding in a T model Ford," Ern Ruchel pointed out.

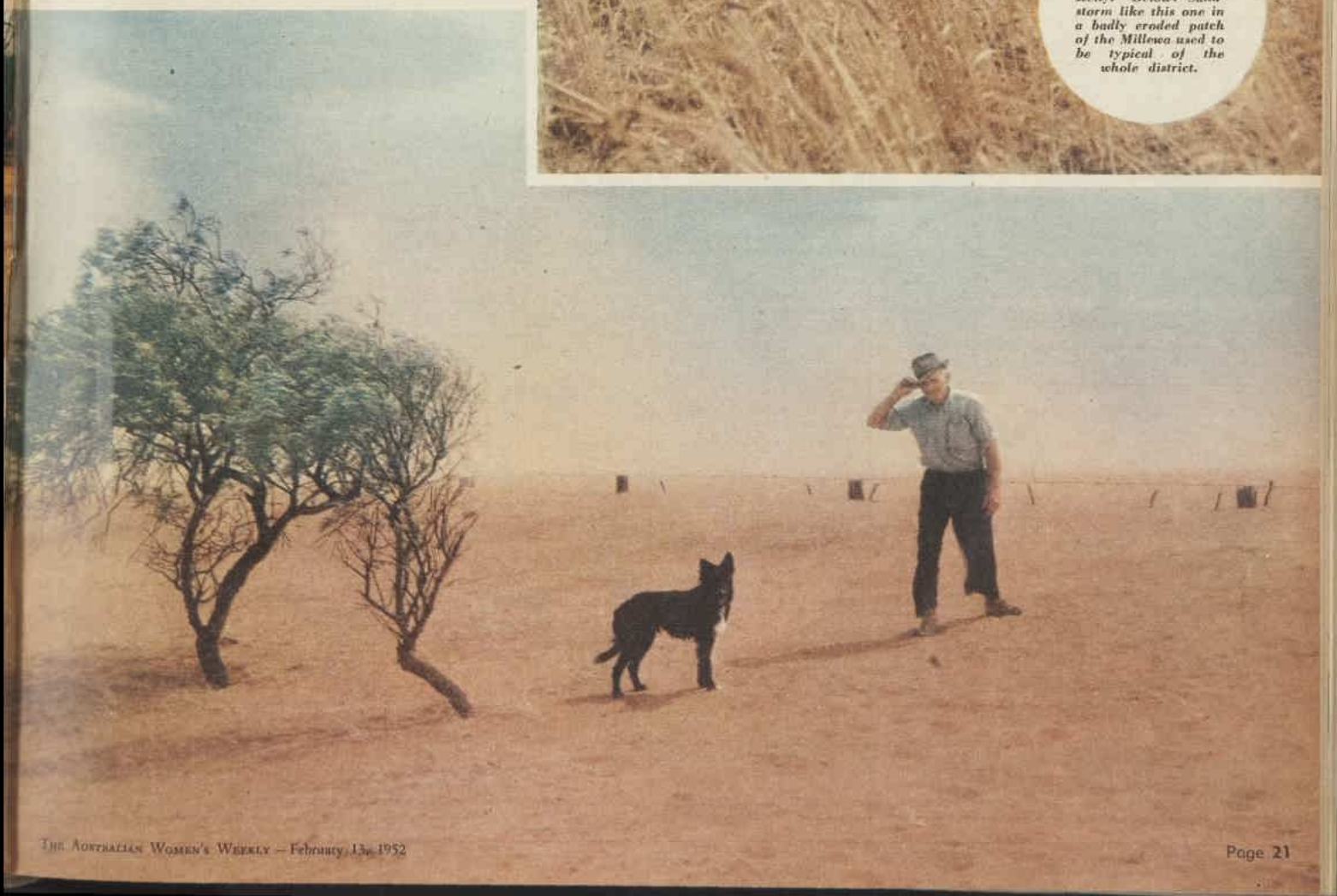
"Times are good now, but you never know where you'll be at the end of a dry season."

This is the caution which scotches any inclination old-time Mallee farmers have for going on the spree.

"The best thing about the run of good luck we're having now is that for the first time in our lives we can think 12 months ahead," said 1923 pioneer Walter Kelly, of Werrimull, president of the District Council of Wheatgrowers.

Worth more than being "in the money" to Mallee farmers is security.

SELF-SOWN insignia wheat (above) is examined by Walter Kelly. Below: Sandstorm like this one in a badly eroded patch of the Millewa used to be typical of the whole district.



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Everyone, everywhere reads A.M.

This month's issue is packed with interesting picture-stories like these . . . Don't miss it!

Ghost Hunters Incorporated. Tripwires and Flourbags used in the search for spooks.

Now, they're DEglamorising Hollywood stars.

Fastest Girl. Training has begun for 1956 Olympics.

Latest cars from Europe — nothing under 85 m.p.h.

Unexpected nude—an artist discovers a beautiful naked girl asleep in sandhills.

BUY A.M. TODAY

Worth Reporting

SYDNEY Girl Guider Miss Nancy Kemp has come back from Germany with a scheme whereby Australian Guides can "adopt" some of the 60,000 displaced people in Germany who can't migrate because of illness or age.

Miss Kemp said that German families who failed to obtain visas and were sent back to "hard core" camps had pretty grim prospects.

Adoption would mean that Guide companies would write and send parcels to selected families or couples in these "hard core" camps, and generally make them feel that somebody in the world cared for them.

A Brownie Pack at Earlwood, Sydney, has already adopted a German family—a mother with tuberculosis who lives with her six children in one room.

Miss Kemp was among Guiders who went to Germany in 1947, and with Quaker, Jewish, Catholic, and other social workers did relief work for eight million displaced persons.

"The welfare officers were able to give these lost people that comforting personal touch which busy officials could not," she said.

"We wrote letters for them, discussed their problems and provided extra food and clothing and nearly all the equipment for the kindergarteners. We even provided black dresses for funerals."

Four years to bring Chaucer up to date

NO wonder it took Nevill Coghill four years to complete for Penguin Classics his newly published translation into modern English of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

In the introduction Mr. Coghill gives some idea of what anyone is up against who tries to put Chaucer into modern language and still retain the spirit of the original.

Taking the lines:

"Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan,
Than may be yeve to any erthly man,"

he offers these alternative translations:

"Love is a greater law, by my brain-pan,
Than may be given to any erthly man."

"Love is a law unto itself. My hat!
What earthly man can have more law than that?"

"By my pan" is a Chaucerian slang expression meaning "by my brain-pan."

Explaining his reason for making an unexpurgated translation, Mr. Coghill writes, "The barbarous and (one is almost tempted to say) hypocritical practice of Victorian times in the matter of expurgation has lapsed in our lifetime, and what our greatest authors chose to mean and write need no longer be obscured by dashes, gaps, and asterisks."

FOR weeks fellow students at Pennsylvania State College teased British student Derek Turnbull about the date they had arranged for him at the annual college dance.

Turnbull invariably replied that the only date he wanted was with Miss Gladys Robson, a 24-year-old civil servant secretary of Wardley, Lancashire.

To Turnbull's astonishment and delight Gladys kept the date with him.

Fifty students had collected more than £350 for Gladys to spend a month's holiday in the U.S.

Come to the cook-house door, boys

IF widely enough circulated, a new cookery book published for R.A.F. cooks might well prove the greatest recruiting attraction of all time.

Potatoes, which in the old days were mashed for breakfast, boiled for lunch, and occasionally chipped for tea, have 32 different recipes.

These include Duchesse Potatoes, piped on to a tray, brushed with beaten egg and gently browned; and Potatoes Maitre d'Hotel, cooked in the oven with milk.

The compilers of the "Manual of Cooking and Dietary" advise that sausages should be served with white wine sauce, and quails should be cooked in brandy.

One recipe, for Homard a l'Americaine, reads: "For 100 men take 50 live lobsters and one bottle of white wine."

Obviously Mrs. Beeton is beaten. Stand back, men, the recruiting officer will see you one at a time.

* * *

BABY - SITTING courses have been introduced into the senior classes of schools in Detroit, U.S.A.

Four agencies have been started, with sitters insured to cover the home-owner against any damages the sitter may cause. A Detroit labor bureau survey estimates that 41,000 girls between the ages of 11 and 15 years are in the baby-sitter business.

Forty-year-old car still going strong

SEVENTY-FOUR years old Mr. Lancelot Campbell O'Meagher, better known to his friends at Penrith, N.S.W., as "The Count," is on his way from Sydney to Melbourne in his 1912 model three-seater car.

The car is nine horse-power and does between 30 and 40 miles to the gallon. The only replacements have been the wheels and the windscreen.

Mr. O'Meagher calls his car "The Silver Bullet" because of its gleaming aluminium surface.

Mr. O'Meagher is short and dignified with a snowy beard and waxed moustache, which, he says, he has been cultivating since his 21st birthday.

He has been a bank clerk in Australia and South Africa, a motor mechanic, commercial traveller, auctioneer, night-watchman, ferryman, and now has settled down as a librarian at Penrith.

He is also official coach at Penrith Bowling Club.

Flag is link with Arctic expedition

WHILE on holiday in Hobart a member of our Melbourne staff became interested in a blue flag displayed in St. David's Cathedral.

She found it was a sledge flag worked in England by Lady Franklin, who in 1857 gave it to Lieut. W. R. Hobson, R.N., second-in-command of a relief expedition to the Arctic to inquire into the fate of an expedition led by her husband, Sir John Franklin.

Sir John was Governor of Tasmania from 1837 to 1843.

The flag hung for many years in Exeter Cathedral, England, but in 1946 was handed to the then Governor of Tasmania, Admiral Sir Hugh Binney, whose mother was a Hobson.

It is now held in trust for the State by the Dean of St. David's, the Rev. H. P. Fewtrell.

"Before reading the will . . . there are several jokes he always wanted to tell but never did, because someone in the family always interrupted him."

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BY

Prestige

455

The stocking with the two gold stripes . . . a pure silk and rayon service weight with coverability . . . a perfect boon for those suffering from varicose veins. Attractive . . . absorbs perspiration . . . long wearing.

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This 60 denier nylon service weight, with a soft, absorbent cotton cushion foot, will give you soothing foot comfort, together with a smart appearance . . . also made in white for nurses and lady bowlers.

AUTHENTIC

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Makers of exclusive Hosiery, Lingerie, Brassieres & Fabrics

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THE KING IS DEAD...

While this paper was printing the news was received of the death of His Majesty King George the Sixth. Australia, with the rest of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and indeed the entire world, mourns him. Grief for the King is no mere official observance — it is felt sincerely by ordinary men and women who recognised in him not only a good King but a good man.

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...LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

Fifty-one years after the death of Queen Victoria, another woman, 25-years-old Elizabeth, ascends the British Throne. Every loyal subject wishes her a long and peaceful reign; and the hearts of everyone go out to her and her sorrowing family. Elizabeth has shown herself equipped in every way for the high office to which she is now called. Long live the Queen!

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ELIZABETH'S FAVORITE PASTELS IN GOTHIC

ANTE-ROOM on board Gothic. This magnificent 40-foot-long room will be used by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh for entertaining. When the King intended to visit Australia it was planned that he should hold levees in this room. The Queen chose the furnishings.

SKIPPER of the Royal Yacht, Gothic, Captain A. V. ("Dickie") Richardson (at left). Captain Richardson is a bachelor who regards his ship as his home.

TRAINED NURSE, Miss Margaret Davies (above), who has joined the crew for the Royal tour. Gothic will carry a naval surgeon as well as her regular doctor.

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Royal passengers will be well looked after by crew

★ Captain A. V. ("Dickie") Richardson, skipper of the Royal Yacht, Gothic, knows Australia well. He came here first before World War I on the maiden voyage of Niagara, which was lost during the last war.

He spent some years on the Australian coast in potato boats. For a brief time he retired from the merchant navy to run a pearl-fishing ketch at Broome, W.A. "The divers made a fortune, but I didn't," he said.

Captain Richardson, who is a bachelor, has been at sea all his life. His personal steward is an Australian, Richard Quartermaine, 21, of Dee Why, N.S.W.

The female complement of Gothic has been increased from two to three for the voyage. The addition is Sister Margaret Davies, a pretty Welsh girl.

The other two women are stewardesses. Miss Rachel MacKinnon is on duty on the boat deck, where the Royal sleeping cabins are, and Mrs. Lacey Williams is on the promenade deck, on which the Royal day-cabins are situated.

The women crew members will curtsy to Princess Elizabeth once daily when she first speaks to them.

ELIZABETH'S DAY-CABIN, showing her own writing-desk from Clarence House. Some of the new furniture acquired for the Royal yacht will be used in Clarence House after the tour. When Gothic returns to England in July the Royal suite will be reconverted to normal passenger cabins and public rooms.

ANOTHER VIEW OF ELIZABETH'S DAY-CABIN. Color schemes in the Princess' apartments are the pastels she is so fond of. Her quarters are on the starboard side, following the tradition of the sea that the most distinguished person on board must have that side of the vessel. Her cabins are slightly larger than the Duke's.

STEWARDESSES. Miss Rachel MacKinnon (standing) and Mrs. Lacey Williams, who are members of the crew of Gothic and will attend Elizabeth.

WRITING-DESK in the Duke of Edinburgh's day-cabin (right), which was used by Queen Victoria on board her yacht, Victoria and Albert.

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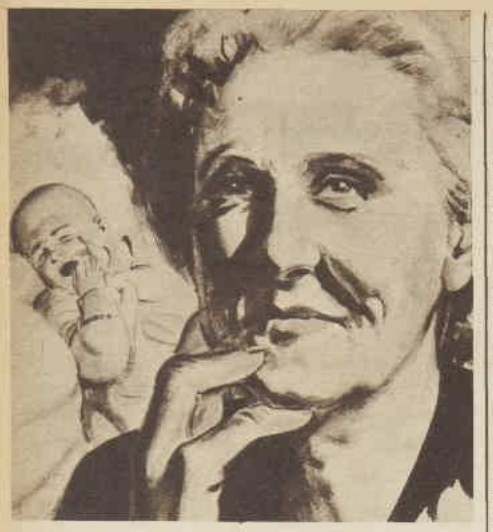

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"A simple little thing! Yet Mother had been hard-of-hearing for so long that Jenny crying for her bottle was, for her, the most beautiful sound in the world."

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Keeps you nice to be near. More effective than ever, because it contains M3 which protects against odour-causing bacteria.

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New **MUM** TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MU44

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A new issue arising on February 14 may have an important influence on the next few weeks. Be cautious on February 17 and you should benefit.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Invitations which combine business and pleasure may be the herald of new conditions. Let February 18 guide you towards a fortunate and profitable decision.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Watch the current below the surface for hints on what's doing. If you keep your hand on the tiller on February 13 you'll win the race while others capsize. February 18, stick to your course.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Most members of the Cancer tribe should find February 16 a happy day with a stroke of luck thrown in. If February 18 is exasperating, be a philosopher.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Falling in love? Chalk up February 16 as a winner. If married, your partner might fulfil a long-cherished wish. Social activities may not pan out on February 18.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Those Virgoans who contemplate a new job should find February 13 provides the germ of an idea worth cultivating. Make applications and appointments on February 19.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Chance and the stars may carry your ventures further than your own efforts. A bit of rough weather on February 14 isn't serious.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Some of the Scorpio family will be moving. If house hunting, February 14 should have a few thrills. Others may find February 17 a social washout.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Keep tuned in to the wave-length most likely to be helpful. If February 15 fails to give you what you want, try again on February 19 and you'll ring the bell.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): An offer made to you on February 13 or 14 may not be as advantageous as it seems. By waiting until February 19 you might strike a much better bargain.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): The time during which changes can be made with success is slowly passing. A call to action should be heeded on February 14 or 17, but not on February 15.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Hold your finger up and feel the wind blowing from another quarter. You'll soon start a new cycle. February 14 or 15 may give you the first indication.

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READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

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PAT FIRMAN

LOIS STEVENS

VALERIE MAY

Why leading models use

COLINATED FOAM SHAMPOO

"GOOD grooming is one of a successful model's most important assets, and good grooming begins at the top," says Pat Firman. "That's why your shampoo is so important, and that's why I use a Colinated Shampoo." "Colinated Foam Shampoo keeps my hair silky soft and shining," says Lois Stevens, and Valerie May agrees. There's a new hair conditioner in Colinated Foam Shampoo, and it's a dandruff solvent as well. Get a bottle to-day, and give your hair that silky soft and shining look.

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Ted takes this medicine like a man

Whenever Ted or his Dad is out-of-sorts or constipated, a dose of Laxettes—the smooth chocolate laxative—makes them good as gold in the morning.

No taste but the chocolate

Children and parents like Laxettes because they taste just like fine chocolate. Health experts advise Laxettes because their action is so s-m-o-o-t-h. The wonderful tasteless ingredient in Laxettes, *phenolphthalein*, gently removes all poisonous waste matter, without griping, without forming a habit. Keep Laxettes in the medicine cupboard and keep the whole family regular. Get some today.

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

ANNABELLE

"Like my new hair-do? A different girl did it to-day."

BUTCH

"Phut, Butch! Them weddin' presents—remember?"

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

BUSINESS girls may consider adapting the wardrobe plan which Princess Elizabeth will use for the Royal tour.

The plan is said to have been devised by the Duke of Edinburgh from the Navy's "Rig of the Day" orders.

The Princess has a book in which are Norman Hartnell's drawings of all her frocks and accessories. They are numbered, so that the Princess simply has to tell her maid to have No. 4 ready for the morning, No. 19 for the afternoon, and so on.

As business girls don't have maids, and their hats and shoes are of necessity interchangeable, the plan would need considerable revision with a complex system of cross-indexing.

Probably hats could be lettered A, B, and C, and shoes X, Y, and Z. Then, with frocks numbered, you could lay down your week's roster, reading: "Monday, A2X (if 2 back from cleaners), Tuesday B3Y (unless raining)."

It's a pretty idea which provides scope for ingenious paper work, but most of us would soon fall back on our usual methods: "On Monday the old blue because no one ever asks you to lunch or anywhere on Monday, and the grey suit will do Tuesday if the weather stays cool, but, in case it doesn't, Monday night will have to be spent slaving over a hot iron (which comes of loafing all week-end), and the rest of the week will have to take its chance."

* * *

DARWIN businessman Ted Stiles has advertised that he will pay £2 a foot for a ten-foot crocodile to take to Melbourne as a present for his sister.

Handkerchiefs are always acceptable, I think,
And if money's no object you can't go wrong with pearls or mink.
Stockings come in handy,
And, if you're stuck, what about perfume, flowers, or candy?
Though what I always say is if you want to surprise anyone to the point of fright,
A crocodile is so right.

* * *

ARMY trainees may feel a little apprehensive about the result of an American experiment.

The commander of a training camp found that 500 Marine Corps students living in cold, lonely, uncomfortable barracks did better in their examinations than another 500 living in comfortable barracks with all amenities.

The commander said: "It was only an experiment. It will not be the practice to house men in uncomfortable camps."

Nevertheless, there are enough old soldiers in high positions in all armies for this experiment to strike an ominous note. It is well known that all old soldiers, whatever their rank, believe that the discomforts they endured helped to make them superior to all subsequent soldiers.

Nor may the consequences of this experiment remain within military circles.

The pendulum could swing right back until it is once more accepted that artists and writers do their best work starving in garrets, and medicine can be good only if it is nasty.

A SMART new office desk is to be one of the exhibits at the British Industries Fair, to be held in London and Birmingham in May.

The desk is enthusiastically described in a small British publication called "Trade Link," which mentions a retractable platform for the typewriter as one of the features.

Presumably this retractable platform is of a newer design than those already in existence on some types of desks.

"By actuating a simple spring device," says "Trade Link," "the platform enables the machine to be brought into use when required without having to clear books, papers, or charts from the desk top."

I don't think the manufacturers can have seen a desk like mine in action, or they would not make such a reckless claim.

If anyone wishes to better this new desk, I have several suggestions. So far no manufacturer appears to have faced facts and included a mirror-lined make-up drawer. Men could utilise the space for aspirin and indigestion remedies.

Another useful innovation would be a drawer-filing system so arranged that folders put in the wrong places emitted a sharp squeak. (Don't bother me with details. That shouldn't be too much to ask of a really inventive brain.)

I should also like a drawer or compartment which rang an alarm bell at intervals. This would be used for correspondence which should have been answered yesterday or last week. The alarm bell would have a silencer.

And, since an office desk becomes a second home, an automatic urn to provide a cuppa in between regular office tea-times is not too much to ask.

* * *

THE Canadian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson, said in a luncheon address that it was no longer glamorous to be a diplomat. "There is nothing romantic about being called a pig by Mr. Vishinsky," he said.

Those were the days, my children, those were the glorious years,
When we toyed with champagne and caviare 'neath an embassy's chandeliers;
So polished and suave our manners, so subtle our smallest talk,
So neat the crease in our trousers, so unerring our choice of a fork.
And sometimes we worked a little before we went out to dine,
(Perhaps a Note or a Protest, or a boundary to define).
Ah, those were the days—excuse me, while I wipe a tear from my eye;
We never were troubled by Customs, and nobody called us spy.
We were skilled in our choice of language, we used it with charm and grace,
We never delivered an insult, at least, not to anyone's face;
Perhaps, gently raising an eyebrow, we might give a fellow a dig,
If driven, we might call him porcine, but never, oh never, a pig.

Keep your kiss a secret!

ASK A MAN and he'll tell you that he is never half-marked by lovely lips wearing *Colourfast* lipstick. Its basic colour stays true and brilliant, it is satin smooth and keeps your lips fresh and supple because *Colourfast* is non-drying.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR LIPSTICK COLOURFAST

1. Dry lips with a tissue
2. Apply **Colourfast** to upper lip
3. Compress lips and blend **Colourfast** on lower lips
4. Blot on tissue and dust lightly with face powder
5. Moisten lips and your **Colourfast** stays lovely for hours!

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A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT

THE LARGEST-SELLING SHAMPOO IN AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA

Not a soap ... Halo cannot leave dulling soap film.

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather ... needs no special rinse!

Removes unsightly dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair soft and smooth, shining with bright, natural highlights!

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A shortie that just reaches the waistline or finishes a little below it is news in the topper category. This between-seasons fashion news answers a reader who wrote from a southern State.

"MY dressmaker, who tailors very well, is going to make me a short coat for autumn and winter, but I am not sure what is new. My material is a really beautiful piece of woollen cloth."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen for your short coat. The coat is cropped off just below the waistline and has a single-breasted fastening and important cuffed sleeves. The use of a really good wool cloth will give the coat a luxury character, and I can't think of a daytime occasion for which it could not be worn. You can obtain a paper pattern for my design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The panel at the top of the page will tell you where and how to order.

SHORTIE JACKET in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Pattern price, 3/6.

Ski shirt

"WHAT is the latest Paris style for a ski shirt?"

Bloused fullness in ski shirts is new. A shirt with gathers back and front coming from below a deep, rounded yoke finished with long sleeves was shown recently in Andre le Doux' Paris collection. The shirt was made in light grey proofed wool gabardine, and was worn tucked into steel-grey proofed gabardine ski pants. The outfit was finished with a bright blue leather belt.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for shortie jacket illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose 3/6 for each pattern.

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE CLEARLY.

C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

I will be glad to advise you as usual in my column on any fashion problem.

New ensemble

"I WANT to plan an ensemble for a going-away outfit. Is there an alternative to the duster? Also, would you tell me what colors Paris designers are using for evening wear?"

A new ensemble which is beginning to replace the duster is the fitted coat over a printed or plain dress. In some cases the coat is lined with the dress material. Fashionable night colors in Paris are bright orange to ruby-reds, off-whites like champagne, and a large range of blues.

Evening cardigan

"WOULD you please suggest a suitable wrap to wear over a black wool-de-chine frock in the evening? The frock has short sleeves and a low, round neckline."

A very new fashion for winter evenings is the decorated cardigan made in fine wool and beaded with pearls or sequins and embroidered in gold or silver thread. However, the idea can have a quite simple interpretation. You could, for instance, have a narrow band of embroidery or beading on the neckline and cuffs.

Renovation idea

"I HAVE a pink satin evening frock with a strapless top that I would like to convert into a more covered style for autumn and winter."

Use a contrasting material and color for your renovation—my suggestion is black velvet. Black is a striking contrast with pink and velvet as a trim is high fashion for autumn and winter. For the actual renovations I like the idea of above-elbow puffed sleeves with the velvet repeated for a bra-shaped bodice bandeau.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"ROXANA." A pretty nightgown with shirred elastic bodice and waistline. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, pastel pink, and pastel blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 44/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 46/-. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"ARABELLA." Attractively styled housegown obtainable in a brocaded lingerie satin. The color choice includes white, pink, blue, and green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 86/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 67/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/-. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *Fine and Dandy*

WARNERS' lively musical brings Jimmie Cagney back to the footlights in a part that fits his now rotund frame like a second skin—that of a likeable little tough guy of Broadway.

"Fine and Dandy" provides the perfect set-up for Cagney's cocky style. As well as sing, dance, and throw punches, he gets the chance to double-cross friends, insult lissom Virginia Mayo, flout authority, sneer at tradition, and generally disturb the peace in various Cagneyesque ways.

The story deals with efforts to put on a stage show at West Point Military Academy, and sends hard-boiled Broadwayite Cagney and partner Virginia Mayo to that stern establishment to do the job.

They find all sorts of talent among cadet students, including singer Gordon MacRae and dancer Gene Nelson, who have also written a script that turns out to be a wow.

Doris Day turns up later to help out vocally and romantically.

The pleasant informality of "Fine and Dandy" receives a slight check when Warners decide it's time to put over a message and to define Cagney's motives.

Otherwise some tuneful songs, brisk dancing, and laugh-getting situations should please most filmgoers.

In Sydney—Park.

NEW star Anthony Steel is switching to light-hearted work with the comedy "Something Money Can't Buy." Pat Roc has been imported from her home in Paris to star with him. In a film scheduled immediately to follow this one, Anthony's leading lady will be Claudette Colbert.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Gilda," romantic melodrama, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. (Re-release.) Plus "Feudin' Rhythm."

CENTURY.—"The Blue Veil," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Richard Carlson, Charles Laughton. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"Showdown," Western, starring William Elliott, Marie Windsor, Walter Brennan. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Desperate," starring Steve Brodie, Audrey Long.

EMBASSY.—"The Long Dark Hall," murder drama, starring Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "The Franchise Affair," starring Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "King's Row," dramatic film version of best-selling novel, starring Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor, starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Al Jennings of Oklahoma," Western, starring Dan Duryea, Gale Storm. Plus "Family Secret," crime drama, starring Lee J. Cobb, John Derek, Jody Lawrence.

LYRIC.—★ "Tin Pan Alley," technicolor musical, starring Betty Grable, John Payne. (Re-release.) Plus "Lancer Spy."

MAYFAIR.—"Pretty Baby," comedy-drama, starring Dennis Morgan, Betsy Drake, Zachary Scott. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Corky of Gasoline Alley," starring Scotty Beckett, Jimmy Lydon.

PALACE.—★★ "Cyrano de Bergerac," 17th century comedy-drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★★ "Fine and Dandy," modern musical, starring James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Frogmen," drama of U.S. Navy demolition service, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill. Plus "Daughter of the Jungle."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Here Comes the Groom," romantic farce, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—★ "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," technicolor musical, starring June Haver, Gordon MacRae, James Barton. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Fantasia," Walt Disney's musical fantasy in technicolor. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Texas Carnival," romantic musical comedy in technicolor, starring Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Howard Keel. Plus "Red Badge of Courage," Civil War drama, starring Audie Murphy. (Last days.)

STATE.—★ "Francis Goes to the Races," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie, Francis, the mule. Plus "The Lady Pays Off," modern romance, starring Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.

VARIETY.—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese, Francoise Rosay. Plus "Over the Moon," starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY.—"When the Redskins Rode," Western, in color, starring Jon Hall, Mary Castle. Plus "Saturday's Hero," football melodrama, starring John Derek, Donna Reed.

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And for the discriminating man—Berkeley Slacks—faultlessly tailored from Venetian, Gabardine and Milange, in shades to team with your sportswear.

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Your finest silks, gayest cottons, sturdiest linens, fluffiest woollens—all your pretty things are safe with Acme. Acme cares for the whole family wash. And the secret of this care is Acme pressure. Firm, even pressure controlled by Acme's latest feature, the 'pressure indicator', working through resilient rubber rollers! These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. These special rollers expel embedded dirt with the surplus water, to give you extra cleansing, and to preserve the life of each fabric. Everything you put into the Acme comes out with a new look—with longer life ahead! Acme pressure means less wear and tear, more lasting care for the whole family wash.

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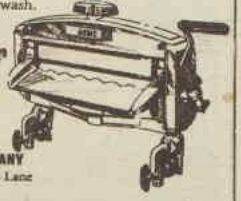

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MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW S.E. SCOTLAND

1 ARRESTED for fraternising with the enemy during World War II, French girl Manon Lescaut (Cecile Aubry) is placed under the guard of soldier Robert Des Grieux (Michel Auclair) after France's liberation to await eventual trial for treason.

2 SEEKING REFUGE in an empty house on the way to Paris after Robert deserts duty by allowing Manon to escape and going with her, the couple confide their mutual love.

3 WELCOMING his sister Manon to Paris, blackmarketeer Leon (Serge Reggiani), right, and his friends say they can show her a way to make money for herself and Robert.

4 LUXURY becomes so important to Manon, who revels in the attentions of beauticians and couturiers, that she overrides Robert's opposition and permits Leon to introduce her to passing Americans who shower her with money and gowns.

Won Grand Prix in Venice

5 SCORN and infidelity of Manon are forgiven by Robert many times because he loves her so deeply. But his jealousy becomes unbearable at last, and he comes to hate Leon, her tempter.

THE controversial French film "Manon," set in post-war France, is a modern version of L'abbe Prevost's 200-year-old story of a girl who defied the unwritten laws of society.

Winner of the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival in 1949, the film was originally banned in England, but on the advice of a special panel of judges it was later shown in the West End.

The Film Festival judges said of it: "'Manon' is a slice of life, and the cinema, like other arts, cannot ignore life and remain alive."

In Australia "Manon" will be shown to adults only.

6 ESCAPE from the law is again necessary for Robert when he kills Leon, and flees. Realising she loves him, Manon follows.

7 RECOGNISING Robert and Manon from publicity about Leon's murder, the captain of a ship carrying illegal Jewish migrants to Palestine picks them out when they come aboard. But he is so moved by their story that he lets them travel as Jews.

8 INJURED fatally by a bullet when Arabs attempt to stop the Jewish migrants from landing, Manon dies in Robert's arms. Bitterly grieved, Robert feels their love was doomed.

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BIG CHIEF Tony Martin (above) counts his oil-wells in the Indian sequence of "Two Tickets to Broadway," which features the song "Big Chief Hole in the Ground."

CENTRAL PARK (left) hears the song "Let the Worry Bird Worry For You" sung by Janet Leigh (right), Gloria De Haven, Ann Miller, and Barbara Lawrence.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

★ The lights of old Broadway sparkle with undiminished allure for a troupe of entertainment stars in Howard Hughes' technicolor musical comedy "Two Tickets to Broadway."

This is also a backstage romance of a young man and woman who fall in love while trying to break into big-time musicals together.

Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Eddie Bracken, Ann Miller, Gloria De Haven, Barbara Lawrence, assisted by Bob Crosby and other stars, share in 11 musical numbers set in a variety of unusual and spectacular backgrounds.

CAFE ROMANTIC Tony Martin (above) warbles "The Closer You Are" to co-star Janet Leigh. Tony Martin also dances for the first time in his screen career.

REHEARSING a song-and-dance act for a television engagement (right), Tony Martin and the four girls read that they have scored a hit with it in a benefit show try-out.

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Our doctor's discussion

Doubts and difficulties of adolescence

The life of the teenager is not always as pleasant as it might be. He is neither one thing nor the other—no longer a child and not yet an adult.

Growing-up often brings minor difficulties that may cause embarrassment, and occasionally may even alter the whole outlook of the person concerned.

"DOING SOMETHING about my skin" is usually the first welcome sign of recovery from the defeated adolescent attitude towards skin troubles.

THE transition from childhood to adulthood is often painful. To give up what is usually a cheerful and carefree existence for the more sober duties and responsibilities of maturity constitutes in itself a task calling for continual adjustment.

Adolescence is a time of high hopes and frequent disappointments, when strange feelings have to be repressed and desires left unsatisfied. And the adolescent's pathway is often made harder by minor physical ailments and disorders.

The big change that underlies the teenager is the establishment of the secondary sexual characteristics.

In addition to internal glandular changes, the boy's childish voice breaks and deepens, and his face gets whiskers. The girl starts her menstrual cycle, and her bust and hips gradually assume adult shape.

These changes often embarrass the naturally shy and sensitive.

The teenager who finds the change in looks and bearing too much of a burden becomes "shut-in" and a bad mixer, and is inclined to turn away from company and find pleasure in daydreaming.

Blushing is another discomforting symptom of adolescence. It may be a passing phase, or it may persist into maturity. About the only effective treatment is psychological.

Variations in figure due to glandular disturbances may also cause embarrassment when the girl or boy of hitherto normal cast suddenly becomes lanky or fat.

Teenagers are not noticeably kind to one another, nor are they slow to call attention to anomalies of shape and size in their friends.

So the cornstalks and the tubs are bound to be teased and ragged. The girl with thick ankles or a coarsely freckled skin, the short-sighted, bespectacled youth, the obviously bow-legged or knock-kneed have a cross to bear which may make their adolescence quite a nightmare.

A pimple is probably one of the smallest inconveniences from which one can suffer, but the pimples of puberty may become a veritable scourge.

They are more commonly encountered as outcrops at this stage than at any other time. They make their appearance generally when shaving commences and the skin is particularly tender.

Though usually not as pronounced in the adolescent girl, a few often break out round the chin at the onset of each menstrual period.

In either sex they may become annoying, and sometimes disfiguring. Otherwise they are of little moment, and have usually disappeared by the time adulthood is reached. There is practically no permanent scarring.

Not so, however, with acne, which makes a characteristic appearance in some adolescents of either sex, and may render the face extensively scarred.

Acne is essentially a disorder affecting the hair follicles and the sweat glands of the skin, and, though it occurs most frequently on the face, may spread to the forehead, chest, and shoulders.

It is characterised by the formation of pustules, blind pimples and blackheads, and larger lumps which slowly suppurate and leave a permanent scar.

Many remedies have been advocated for acne, but none is entirely satisfactory, and the disorder continues despite the application of all manner of creams and lotions and scrupulous cleanliness.

The application of X-rays tends to inhibit the disorder—at least temporarily; so will ultra-violet light and injections of the appropriate sex hormone. But the scarring remains.

The social consequences of bad breath, or halitosis, have from time to time been described in newspaper and magazine advertisements.

Though halitosis is not specially confined to the adolescent, it is liable to embarrass the teenager making his first contacts with the opposite sex at dances and social gatherings.

There are many causes of bad breath, and most may be readily rectified.

Infected teeth and gums should be put right by the dentist; infected tonsils may need removal by the doctor; constipation and indigestion, the other obvious reasons, may be taken in hand by the person concerned or the doctor's advice may be sought.

Uncommoner causes of halitosis, such as bronchiectasis (disease of the lungs) and ulceration of the bones of the nose, require the services of a doctor, which should be sought at once rather than by trying to camouflage the evil by taking a few drops of oil of cloves or eating scented sweets.

Excessive perspiration may cause certain people considerable worry—the teenager included.

Sweat glands exist all over the body, but they are more numerous on the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, and the armpits. Ordinary sweating is a natural function designed to regulate the heat of the body.

Everyone, therefore, expects to sweat after physical exertion, but many people sweat—and some excessively—when in a state of nervous tension.

Among the more unfortunate are those whose sweat glands appear to be more than usually unstable and will come into action on the slightest provocation.

Such people have more or less permanently damp hands and feet, and the shirt or blouse may show a large sweat-stain under the armpits.

Even when it produces no offensive smell, such excessive sweating can be a source of considerable discomfort.

The sensitive suffer most

It makes the teenager more self-conscious and increases the tendency to shun people lest they notice the disability about which he or she may be abnormally sensitive.

Apart from the use of cosmetic preparations, the treatment of excessive sweating and unpleasant body odor resolves itself into frequent washing and changing.

Carbolic or coal-tar soap should be used in bathing and certain parts of the body, particularly the feet and armpits, should be dusted with boracic powder or wiped over with hydrogen peroxide.

If perspiration is excessive the parts should be rubbed over with belladonna liniment in place of the boracic powder or peroxide.

The stockings must be changed frequently; and after being washed they should be rinsed in a weak solution of mercury perchloride before drying. The insides of the shoes also should be rubbed over with perchloride of mercury.

These troubles cannot be overcome in a day or two. Persistence and prolonged treatment are necessary in some cases, as the doctor has no magic potion to offer.

Excessive facial hair may become a real source of dismay to the young woman. This minor disfigurement may range from a few long hairs sprouting from the chin, a noticeable down on the upper lip, or an embryonic beard spread over the cheeks and chin.

The treatment for it has become a problem more for cosmeticians than doctors.

The disabilities just referred to represent a few of the minor and commoner types of misfortune that may beset the teenager, apart from the change of status which in itself may become a problem to some.

Adolescents who are by nature self-conscious and unusually sensitive bear the greater burdens in the process of growing-up.

Girls and boys of tougher fibre seem to get by more easily. They may feel embarrassment, but they are able to hide it. Generally, they are more adaptable and more adventurous.

Their minds are more at ease, their consciences are more relaxed. They have the will to push ahead in spite of their disabilities.

But the shy and sensitive often need guidance in addition to the simple remedies which their disabilities may demand.

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Make this test— For just 10 days use *Lifebuoy* in your daily bath or shower — then check the difference it has made to your personal freshness. Make a special check on perspiration points. **You'll be convinced you are safe.**

W.309.WW824

How to put life into leftovers

Left-overs of meat can make dull eating, but not if they have flavour. You could, if you had endless time to spare, achieve flavour with many spices and herbs, but it is far easier and more economical to add Lea & Perrins Sauce as you cook. Use one teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins Sauce for four people.

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Let's Try Again

Continued from page 13

JOYCE looked at him. "Servitude?" she repeated.

"Yes. It's me. I got to live here till I die and be buried here with Elsie. And the place has got to be left like it is for the birds and the beasts. Not developed. There's too much development everywhere nowadays. Too much improvement. No one can leave anything alone. How'd you improve a tree?" he asked. "You take care of it an' let it be."

"I love it," she said, "but John isn't happy here. One day of it was enough for him."

"Are you happy with him, Joyce?"

"I've never had time to think," she said. "We're always going somewhere or coming back from somewhere. Always seeing someone. Never alone."

"Tell me, Joyce," he asked, "how long is it since you held a kitten in your arms, felt the wet tongue of a dog on your hand, picked up a little bird or a tortoise, or took an egg warm from the nest and milk warm from a cow?"

"It's years and years," she said. "I don't think I've done it since I was here."

"And you call what you were doing living? When nothing near you was alive?"

"A month," she said.

"A month, or as long as you like. You don't have to buy it. Just stay. Just stay, and I'll give you the place. Someone's got to have it before I can go back to Elsie. You get tired of living, Joyce. Even here you get tired of it, if you're all alone."

"I'll ask him," she said. "I'll ask him to-night."

"And then?"

"Then we'll see," she laughed. "It might save him," she said. "It might save him, for himself and for me. His heart's bad, you know."

"He's young to have a bad heart."

"He works too hard—never stops. Even when he plays, it's work. It's business, with business people."

When John got back, Joyce said, "Well, how'd you get on? Did you win?"

"Yes, I won. It wasn't easy," he laughed. "But it was a good game. I played with George Gamble, a man I've been dealing with for years. If he hadn't got into a bunker on the eighteenth it would have been even closer."

"And the nineteenth? How was the nineteenth? Much improved?"

"Much improved. The bar's bigger and more comfortable than it was ten years ago."

"The bar's bigger—like the trees here."

"And the course is much better, too. What about a Martini?"

"Yes, John. Do me good. I got a bit depressed to-day."

"Depressing place, this."

"Not the place—us. You see, John, in ten years we haven't grown—not bigger, not nearer to each other. We're only older."

"You need two Martinis."

"Yes, dear, and an aspirin." She laughed. "Martini, aspirin—the adjuncts of modern life."

"We're very well off, Joyce. I've done well in ten years."

"So well that we could stop now?"

"Retire at forty? You're crazy."

"Why not? Where are we going? More money, more years, more Martinis and aspirins. Do you know something, John?" she said, taking her drink, "Old Bill wants us to have this place."

"Buy it? Now I know you're crazy."

"I told him we couldn't afford it."

"Of course we could afford it—if we wanted it."

She ignored him and went on. "Then he said we could have it as a present if we left it as it was and let him go on living here. A servitude, he called it."

"Live here? And on us? He's lazy, like them all."

Joyce got up and went to the half door. "Come here, John."

He came, carrying his drink.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful? Look at the trees and the flowers. Do you think they grow by themselves? Do you think anyone who can make a place like this is lazy?"

"Things can't help growing here. And I've never seen him do anything but sit or potter around."

"What time do you get to the office, John?"

"Nine o'clock."

"And how many hours do you work in the office? I'll tell you," she said. "If all the work came together you'd do it in an hour. And the rest of the time you tease the girls, smoke cigars, and sit doing nothing."

"I'm thinking," he said. "I plan things—deals," he said.

"And what do you think old Bill does when he sits? He plans things, John; plans beauty."

"I don't know what's come over you," John said. "I knew it was ridiculous to come back here."

"I wonder. I think it was the most intelligent thing we ever did. I ever did, at any rate."

"What are you doing tomorrow?" John asked.

"The same as to-day—just sitting."

"Well, I'm going to play golf again. Return game with Gamble. Funny meeting him here."

"Yes, dear, on our second honeymoon. Do you know what we need?" she asked.

"What?"

Please turn to page 37

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Let's Try Again

Continued from page 36

WITH a wry smile, Joyce said: "Someone to take dictation in our bedroom at home. Then we'd be all set and you'd waste no time at all."

"Funny you should say that, because I've been thinking of putting in a dictating machine. I was going to ask you about it."

"I must be psychic. But I'd sooner have a girl—prettier, you know; more human. A nice blonde. She could sleep in the dressing-room."

"I can't think what's come over you," John said. "A dictating machine makes sense. I was talking to Gamble to-day. He has one."

Joyce smiled up at him. "How's his ulcer?"

"Bothers him a lot." He stopped suddenly and looked at her. "How did you know?"

"I'm psychic, like I said. And I'm ambitious."

"You—ambitious?"

"Yes, darling, I have great plans for you. I am ambitious for you not to get an ulcer."

"I'm as strong as a horse."

"Well, think it over, John. And don't forget the heart trouble."

"I will, honey. I'll talk to Gamble again. He says it's the greatest help. And he's right. One often does get a thought in the night—and in the morning it's gone."

"Better think about Riet Vlei, John; about Honeymoon House."

"Why should I?"

"Because I'm going to take old Bill up. I'm going to stay here and have some children!"

"You mean?"

"I mean you can retire and live here or you can come for week-ends. Or you can divorce me and live with your blonde dictating machine. But I'm staying here and I'm going to have a baby. I'm going to have several babies. This is a nice place for babies. And, of course, I'd sooner have you as their father."

"That's very civil of you."

"But I expect I could marry again," she said, getting up and looking into the glass.

"I knew we were crazy to come here," he said. "It's a crazy place. Nothing to do with the real world, and it has sent you nuts. You'll get over it, Joyce. We'll stay the month and you'll be glad to get back."

"I am back, John. I'm home."

Her life had been so full of movement that it had not been life. Well, suddenly she was tired of it. Tired of being hostess to John's business friends, the confidante of his associates' wives. Tired of parties, of bridge, of tennis. Tired of saying the same things over and over again. Tired of shopping for wedding presents for people she scarcely knew and sending wreaths to people she didn't like when they died. Just tired.

. . . .

She looked at her wristwatch. Eleven o'clock. John would be on the course by now. She would find old Bill and see if he'd have a cup of tea with her. She found him easily enough. He was waiting to be found.

"Well," she said when he'd sat down with his cup in his hand, "I'm going to stay, if you really mean it."

"I mean it," he said. "But what about your husband?"

"He thinks I'm crazy," she said. "He's going back."

"If he does, he'll come back."

"Will he? I wonder."

"Go and look in the mirror, my girl," he said. "There's a big mirror in your room. Take a good look at yourself and you'll see why he'll come back."

"There are lots of pretty women in Johannesburg," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but you're a habit. Beautiful and a habit; either mightn't be enough alone—but together——"

"He's getting a sound recorder," Joyce said.

"What's that?"

"A talking machine. You talk into it and play it back."

"Doesn't sound soft and warm to me."

She laughed. "His office is full of women who are soft and warm. Young ones, too, and pretty."

"Give him time to think," he said. Then he said, "You're rich, aren't you?"

"I suppose so."

"I mean—he could stop?"

"Yes. He could stop and we'd be comfortably off."

"You don't need much money here," he said. "And that's what I can't understand. Going on — when you have enough. There's life here, and up there in the city there's only stone and steel. Only concrete and metal."

Old Bill was right, she thought. And the people were made of stone, too. Brittle stone, beautifully polished, but unreal and fragile as glass. But she'd never make John see that.

And he didn't see it. At the end of the month he said, "Well, honey, if you want to stay on—stay. You probably need a rest and a change."

She said, "Yes, maybe I do." And they knew they were both right. Only what she needed was a permanent change, a way of life that was different.

When he'd gone she missed him badly. And when he came back two months later she felt the excitement of a girl meeting her lover as she filled the house with flowers.

"You know, Joyce," he said, "I'm bored without you."

"Even with the dictating machine?" They both laughed.

Then he said, "I've been thinking that there might be something in your idea."

"When did you start thinking that?" she asked.

He was suddenly serious. "Will you come for a ride with me?" he asked.

"Of course I will," she said, and got her coat.

When they'd driven about a mile, he stopped the car and got out and went into the bush beside the road. "Come and look at something," he called.

She got out and went to him.

He was standing beside a tree. Hung on it was a collar.

She picked it up. "A dog collar?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "It came off a buck. I killed it last time on the way home. I was driving too fast. I hit it, but it wasn't quite dead. I had to finish it off with a monkey-wrench, and I dragged it in here and buried it."

"And then?"

"And then I realised there was something to all this. Something to life. To living things. It looked at me while I hit it. I took off its collar and hung it here."

"It was one of old Bill's tame ones," she said.

"Yes. That's why it didn't get out of the way."

"What are you going to do now, John?"

"I'm going to take the collar to old Bill and tell him. And I've decided to live here with you. And raise a family the way a man should. We can manage nicely if I go to town every month or so for a few days. Very nicely. I'll go into a partnership with Gamble. He suggested it the other day, and I'll let him run things up there."

"Let him have the ulcer?"

"Yes, darling."

"I've got something to tell you, too."

"What is it?" He closed the door of the car.

"We've begun to live, John. And the family's started, too."

The miracle had happened. John would be safe now. The work and the games and the late nights were over. He'd live to be old. As old as old Bill now, she thought. He'll live to be a hundred. Her hunch had been right. The second honeymoon had begun and there was no reason why it shouldn't go on for ever.

"Like old Bill and Elsie," she said.

John said, "Yes."

She wasn't sure if he knew what she meant. But it didn't really matter when he kissed her again like that.

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B.P.S.1-1

I Want a Man

Continued from page 8

FOR a moment J. Thomas stared at her. Then he said: "Well, it's rather like wearing one of your golfing medals on your pyjamas." He looked at his watch and stood up. Bertie eyed him in surprise. "Where are you going? I was just going to challenge you to a game of cribbage."

"I'm an old man," J. Thomas said, "and in the afternoon I need my rest." He was gone.

Bertie found a pack of cards, then she sat down on the floor, shuffling them idly. She looked down at the golden orchid. It seemed to sneer at her. She looked at the telephone on J. Thomas' desk, and she toyed with the idea of calling Howard and suggesting that they start all over again as if it were morning once more and the orchid had just arrived.

It was a splendid idea, she thought. Only thing was, it wouldn't work, and she wouldn't try it, anyway. She wondered what one did now, sitting alone, all alone.

Wiles, she thought, that's what I need, some good, active wiles. She began to lay out a hand of solitaire. "If I'm going to be an old maid," she told herself, "I might as well begin practising now."

And then she heard the car in the drive and the sound of the doorbell. She sat there, listening, a card poised in her hand. She heard Howard's voice. She played the card slowly, a black seven on a black eight. She put down the pack and thought: Look what wishing does. She sat very still, very straight, waiting.

He came into the room, saw her and smiled a little uneasily, it seemed, here on her own home grounds. "Ah—hello," he said.

"Hello," said Bertie. She was smiling now, the tears and doubts and unhappiness all forgotten. "I didn't thank you for the flower."

"Oh," Howard said. "Well." He looked at it. "It—it looks nice."

"It's beautiful," Bertie said.

"I'm glad you like it."

"Yes." There was silence. Bertie said, "Maybe you'd like a drink."

"No," Howard said. "I don't think so, thanks."

There was a little pause. "About that lunch to-day——" Bertie began.

"I enjoyed it."

"Really?" She looked up, her eyes bright, and it was as if a great weight had been lifted from her mind. His smile was easy and assured now, and somehow, seeing it, her eyes dropped to the cards again. "Can you play cribbage?"

"I'm afraid not," Howard said.

"Someday I'll teach you. It's a good game." In the evenings, she thought, in front of a fire, with the world shut out and — "I was just about o whip J. Thomas," she said, "but he walked out on me."

"Oh." He seemed surprised. "I wondered where he was."

"He's upstairs." She was watching Howard's face. "Why? Did you want to see him?"

"Why," Howard said, "he asked me to come over."

"Oh," Bertie said. That weight was back again, crushing heavily on her thoughts. "That's why you came."

"He didn't say what he wanted," Howard said.

"But you hopped into your car and came whizzing. If he'd said 'frog,' what would you have done? Jumped all the way? Or didn't you ever think of telling him to go suck an egg?"

"That would be silly, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe," Bertie said. "I don't know. It's the principle . . ."

"Your uncle is a very influential man."

"Yes," Bertie said. "I know. So does he. I think he tells himself so every morning before breakfast."

"He's very fond of you."

"I suppose so. I don't know." She was looking down at the orchid and it was sneering at her again. She stood up. "I'll tell him you're here."

"No, don't," Howard said. "Not yet."

"But you came here to see him."

"Well, yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Couldn't we just sit here and talk for a while?"

For a lifetime, Bertie thought. I'd like nothing better. She said, "Why?"

"Well—" Howard said. "I mean, I don't think he'd like it if you disturbed him."

"It might annoy him," Bertie said. "Is that it?" She saw that that was it. She turned and almost ran across the hall and up the stairs.

She found J. Thomas, fully dressed, in a large chair in his sitting-room. "So," she said. "An old man resting."

> ***Most arts require long study and application, but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.***
>
> **—Lord Chesterfield.**

J. Thomas seemed unabashed. "Very peaceful up here."

Bertie took a deep breath. "Your trained seal is downstairs. Go and throw him a fish."

"It's like that?" said J. Thomas.

"It's like that." She went down the hall to her own room, closed the door, and sat down in a large chair, staring at the wallpaper.

So there it was, she thought. A man was supposed to be a man, wasn't he? She glared at the wallpaper.

Well, wasn't he? Supposed to stand up on his own two legs and spit in the oppressor's eye? Bare his breast and defy the lightning, and all that? And if he didn't, he wasn't, was he? A man, that was? Well?

She looked down at the golden orchid. She unpinned it and held it in her hand. It looked up at her. There was, of course, another side to a man; of this she was reasonably sure. The pipe-and-slippers - and - gin - rummy-in-front-of-the-fireside.

It would be nice and pleasant and comforting. And companionable golf on late Saturday afternoons and Sundays, a sort of strolling hand in hand down the fairways in the lengthening shadows. And a flower now and again. She picked up the orchid and looked at it once more. It looked at her.

She weighed it all carefully and gradually the scales tipped. Gumption, she thought, was largely a matter of red corpuscles, after all. And along with too much gumption, too much struggle and worry. And why? To what purpose?

A girl, she decided, couldn't have everything. Not all in one package. A girl had to choose. She pinned the orchid on again and went out into the hall and down the stairway.

They were in the library; she could hear voices. She went down slowly, composing herself. She heard J. Thomas say, "Think it over. A retainer like that, not too much work, plenty of leisure time——"

And she heard Howard say, "I have thought it over. I'm sorry, sir."

"Well," J. Thomas said, "I might raise the amount a little."

"That isn't the point, sir. It isn't the amount."

There was silence. Bertie stopped outside the door. J. Thomas said, "Now, look here, young fellow. I've been as patient as I know how."

"I realise that, sir. And I appreciate it. But I'm sorry."

"You're a young fool," J. Thomas said. "That's what you are. Stubborn and ridiculous."

"Maybe I am, sir. I'm sorry."

"Confound you!" J. Thomas said. "Don't just sit there and say you're sorry!"

"As you wish, sir," said Howard.

"Well?" J. Thomas said. It was almost a roar. "Well?"

Howard's voice was pleasant, pleasant and modulated. "How would you like to suck an egg, sir?" he said.

Bertie pushed open the door and went in.

"You boys quarrelling?" she said.

Howard shook his head. He was smiling a little, but there was a spot of color high on each cheek and his chin was sticking out in a manner most pugnacious. "No."

"The sound effects out in the hall," Bertie said, "were spectacular." She was looking at Howard and she was thinking of the lightning; and then she looked at J. Thomas and saw no Jupiter, only an irascible old man. "What's the trouble?" she said.

J. Thomas was breathing hard. "I offered this young pup a yearly retainer," he said. "A handsome yearly retainer to take care of little chores for me when they come up."

"Oh," Bertie said. She looked at Howard, and it was as if she were seeing Ajax himself standing there shaking his fist at the sky.

"And I," Howard said, "had the effrontery to refuse."

"Why?" Bertie said. Her eyes were wide and bright.

"That's a good question," said J. Thomas.

Howard looked straight at Bertie and his chin was very much in evidence. "Because I don't hanker to be bought as a plaything," he said, "as a toy out of a window to amuse a spoiled child."

Bertie began to bristle. "Meaning me, I suppose?"

"Meaning you," said Howard.

Bertie took a deep breath. She searched for the proper words, found them, and opened her mouth. And then, all at once, the words were no longer there; and her anger, amazingly, was fading and crumbling. And still Howard watched her, and his eyes seemed to be looking right into her mind, seeing the confusion.

J. Thomas cleared his throat. He opened his mouth.

"Oh, be quiet," Bertie said. She turned to Howard again. Her voice was small. "Maybe you're right."

There was no compromise, no offer of terms. "Of course I'm right."

She stood there in silence, watching him.

"You didn't want a man," Howard said. "You just thought it might be nice to have one around—the way all the other girls do."

"I——" Bertie said, and there she stopped. She looked down at the floor. The orchid caught her eye. It was watching her. "Well," she said, "maybe. Last night, I mean." She raised her head and looked at him again. "So I was wrong."

"So you were wrong," Howard said. "I don't play that way."

Bertie said nothing. She felt small and humble. It was a new experience. It was not altogether unpleasant.

"Well," Howard said, "I guess that's all." He looked at J. Thomas. "Good day, sir." He looked at Bertie. "Good day."

"Thank you," Bertie said. "I —I'm not sure whether it is or not." She watched him go out of the door and into the hall. She stood there motionless and heard the front door close, heard the sound of his car going down the drive. And then there was silence.

J. Thomas cleared his throat. "Maybe that wasn't such a good idea," he said. "What I mean is—well—how was I to know he'd stop being a rabbit just like that?"

"You were wrong," Bertie said.

"All right!" J. Thomas said, and it was almost a shout. "So I was wrong! Question is, what are you going to do about it? You want him. Aren't you going after him?"

Bertie shook her head.

"You're going to let him get away?" This time it was a roar, full-fledged.

She turned then, and he could see her face, and there were tears again, but beneath them her eyes were shining, bright and clear, and she was smiling and her whole face was aglow as if it were lighted from inside.

"You don't learn, do you?" One small hand was touching the golden flower caressingly. And she was standing straight and proud and her head was lifted. "I do," she said, and she blinked rapidly, but still the tears continued, rolling down over her smile.

J. Thomas stirred in his chair. "Ah—h'm'm," he said.

"He'll be back," Bertie said, and there was in her voice a conviction, a certainty, that destroyed all doubt. "When he's ready, he'll be back." She paused. "And I'll be here."

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything," J. Thomas said.

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Arabella

Continued from page 10

SOME moments later Mr. Beaumaris said in his usual calm way, "I believe there is always a little awkwardness attached to such situations as this in which we now find ourselves. We must strive not to allow it to overcome us. Is Lady Bridlington's ball to rank among the season's greatest squeezes?"

She was grateful to him for easing the tension and all the discomfort of the moment, and tried to reply naturally. "Yes, indeed, it is! I am sure quite three hundred cards of invitation have been sent out. Shall —shall you find time to look in, I wonder?"

"Yes, and shall hope that even though you will not marry me you may be persuaded to dance with me."

She replied she scarcely knew what: it was largely inaudible. He shot a quick look at her averted profile, hesitated, and then said nothing. They had reached Park Street by this time, and in another moment he had handed her down from the curricle.

"Do not come with me to the door. I know you do not like to leave your horses," she said in a hurried tone. "Good-bye! I shall see you at the ball."

He waited until he had seen her admitted into the house, and then got into the curricle again and drove off. Ulysses nudged his nose under his master's arm.

"Thank you," said Mr. Beaumaris dryly. "Do you think I am unreasonable to wish that she would trust me enough to tell me the truth?"

Ulysses sighed heavily; he was rather sleepy after his day in the country.

"I suppose I shall end by telling her that I have known it all along. And yet — yes, Ulysses, I am quite unreasonable. Did it seem to you that she was not as indifferent to me as she would have had me believe?"

Understanding that something was expected of him, his admirer uttered a sound between a yelp and a bark and furiously wagged his tail.

"You feel that I should persevere?" said Mr. Beaumaris. "I was, in fact, too precipitate. You may be right. But if she had cared at all, would she not have told me the truth?"

Ulysses sneezed.

"At all events," remarked Mr. Beaumaris, "she was undoubtedly pleased with me for bringing you out with me."

. . . . . .

Mr. Beaumaris and Miss Tallant met again in the dazzling splendor of the Circular Room at Carlton House, on the night of the Regent's Dress Party.

Arabella was so much impressed by the elegance of the sky-blue draperies, and the almost intolerable glare of a huge cut-glass chandelier, with myriads of candles, that she momentarily forgot her last meeting with Mr. Beaumaris, and greeted him with impulsive eagerness.

"I have never seen anything like it in my life!" she cried excitedly. "Each room is more magnificent than the last!"

He smiled. "Ah, but have you yet penetrated to the conservatory, Miss Tallant? Our Royal host's chef d'oeuvre, believe me! Let me take you there!"

By this time she had recollected under what circumstances they had last parted, and her color had risen. She had wept over the unhappy circumstance which made it impossible for her to accept Mr. Beaumaris' suit, and it had required all the excitement of a party at Carlton House to make her forget that she was the most miserable girl alive.

She hesitated now, but Lady Bridlington was nodding and beaming, so she placed her hand on Mr. Beaumaris' arm, and went with him through a bewildering number of apartments, all full of people.

In the intervals of bowing to acquaintances, and occasionally exchanging a word of greeting, Mr. Beaumaris entertained her with amusing accounts of Ulysses' various misdemeanors which made her laugh so much that a good deal of her constraint vanished.

THE conservatory made Arabella open her eyes very wide indeed, as well it might. Mr. Beaumaris watched her, a look of amusement on his face, while she gazed silently round the extraordinary structure.

Finally, she drew a breath, and uttered one of her unexpectedly candid remarks. "Well, I don't know why he should call it a conservatory, for it is a great deal more like a cathedral, and a very bad one, too."

He was delighted. "I thought you would be pleased with it," he said with deceptive gravity.

"I am not at all pleased with it," replied Arabella severely. "Why is there a veil over that statue?"

Mr. Beaumaris levelled his glass at Venus Asleep under a shroud of light gauze.

"I can't imagine," he confessed. "No doubt one of Prinny's flashes of taste. Would you like to ask him? Shall I take you to find him?"

Arabella declined the offer hastily. The Regent, an excellent host, had already managed to spend a minute or two in chat with nearly every one of his guests, and although Arabella was storing up the gracious words he had uttered to her, and meant to send home to the vicarage an exact account of his amiability, she found conversation with such an exalted personage rather overpowering.

So Mr. Beaumaris took her back to Lady Bridlington and, after staying beside her for a few minutes, was buttonholed by a gentleman in very tight satin knee-breeches, who lisped that the Duchess of Edgware commanded his instant attendance.

He bowed, therefore, to Arabella, and moved away, and although she several times afterwards caught a glimpse of him, he was always engaged with friends, and did not again approach her.

. . . . . .

Lady Bridlington's ball was the next social event of importance, and this promised to be an event of more than ordinary brilliance.

An excellent band had been engaged for the dancing, extra servants were hired, police officers warned to make Park Street their special objective, and extra refreshments to supplement the efforts of Lady Bridlington's distracted cook ordered.

For days before the event, housemaids were busy moving furniture, polishing the crystal chandeliers, washing the hundreds of spare glasses unearthed from a storeroom in the basement, counting and recounting plates and cutlery, and generally creating an atmosphere of unrest in the house.

Lord Bridlington, who combined an inclination for ceremonious hospitality with a naturally frugal mind, was torn between complacency at having drawn to his house all the most fashionable persons who adorned the Ton, and a growing conviction that the cost of the party would be enormous.

The bill for wax candles alone threatened to rise to astronomical heights, and not his most optimistic calculations of the number of glasses of champagne likely to be drunk reduced the magnums that must be ordered to a total he could contemplate with anything but gloom.

Please turn to page 40

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Beauty in brief:

Grooming hints

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● These half-dozen practical suggestions for better grooming arise from readers' queries on self-care.

- Splash cold water on the face and throat to make smooth application of a cream foundation easier.
- Exposing the complexion to alternate extremes of hot and cold water may stretch the skin and cause wrinkling; substitute warm and cool applications.
- Hair color rinses should be followed by clear rinsing to remove excess color and to prevent discoloration of the brush and comb.
- A most effective gargle is made with a quarter-teaspoonful each of table salt and bicarb. soda dissolved in a half glass of warm water.
- Use a narrow, soft toothbrush and plenty of soap to remove the line of make-up that is apt to gather around the hairline.
- When mascara dries on the eyelashes, brush them through or comb between lashes with a toothpick to avoid a globule look.

It's the wick that does the trick!

Amazing new discovery kills ALL indoor smells!

Air-wick contains wonder-working Chlorophyll — makes smells non-existent

Chlorophyll—the wonder substance that nature uses to keep the grass and trees fresh and green —has now been scientifically combined with 125 other compounds used by nature to make Air-wick — the wonder-worker that makes smells non-existent. Air-wick is *not* a disinfectant. It doesn't just "cover-up" one smell with another — it eliminates smells. It works indoors exactly the way nature works, to keep the air fresh.

Imagine yourself free from cooking smells working in a kitchen where the air is *always* "country-fresh." Boil cauliflower, cabbage and turnip—burn fat, peel onions—with Air-wick in action there is absolutely NO SMELL. The air is as fresh as if you were strolling in the country.

Think of how sweet life would be without any stale tobacco fumes — no more musty, stuffy rooms with Air-wick in the house.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and we will reimburse you.

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Costs less than a penny a day to use. Use Air-wick once and you'll realise it's a daily necessity in your home.

So simple to use. Just place Air-wick above or near the source of the smell and leave it to Air-wick to kill all smells like magic.

Air-wick

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ELECTRIC SERVANTS

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Arabella

Continued from page 39

FORTUNATELY, Lord Bridlington's mind not being of an order to question his own consequence, his gratification on the whole outweighed his misgivings, and if a suspicion did enter his head that he had Arabella to thank for the flattering number of acceptances which poured into the house, he was easily able to banish it.

His mother, shrewder than he, gave honor where it was due, and, in a fit of reckless extravagance, was moved to order a new gown for Arabella from her own expensive dressmaker.

But she was not so sadly out of pocket over the transaction, since a very few words whispered into the ear of Mme Dumaine were enough to convince that astute woman of business that the honor of designing a toilette for the rich Miss Tallant would fully justify her in making a substantial reduction in the price.

The gown was of figured lace over a white satin robe, with short, full, pleated sleeves, fastened down the front with pearl buttons to match the edging of pearls to the overdress.

Arabella, ruefully surveying the depredations caused by a succession of parties to her glove drawer, was obliged to purchase a new pair of long white gloves, as well as new satin sandals, and a length of silk net to drape round her shoulders.

There was not much left, by this time, of the fifty pounds her uncle had given her; and when she considered how impossible her own folly had made it for her to requite her family's generosity in the only way open to a personable young female, she was overcome by feelings of guilt and remorse, and could not refrain from shedding tears.

Nor could she refrain from indulging her fancy with the contemplation of the happiness which might even now have been hers, had she not allowed her temper to lead her so grossly to deceive Mr. Beaumaris.

It was therefore with mixed feelings that Arabella awaited the arrival of the first guests on the appointed night. Lady Bridlington, thinking that she looked a little haggard (as well she might, after a week of such nerve-racking preparation), had tried to persuade her to allow Miss Crowle to rub a little—a very little!—rouge into her cheeks.

But after one look at the result of this delicate operation Arabella had washed it away, declaring that never would she employ such aids to beauty as must, could he but see them, destroy for ever Papa's affection for his elder daughter.

Lady Bridlington pointed out, very reasonably, that there could be no fear of Papa's seeing them, but as Arabella remained adamant, and showed alarming signs of being about to burst into tears, she pressed her no more.

At least, she consoled herself, even without her usual blooming color, her goddaughter could not fail to appear lovely in Mme Dumaine's exquisite gown.

One cause at least for satisfaction was granted to Arabella: although some guests might arrive early, and others walk in past two o'clock, Bertram arrived punctually at ten o'clock and nobly remained throughout the proceedings.

He had recklessly ordered an evening dress from the obliging Mr. Shifnal, rightly deeming the simple garments he had brought with him from Heythram quite inadequate to the occasion.

Mr. Shifnal had done well by him, and when Arabella saw him mount the stairway between the banks of flowers which she had helped all day to revive by frequent sprinklings of water, her heart swelled with pride.

His dark blue coat set admirably across the shoulders; his satin knee-breeches showed scarcely a crease; and nothing could have been more chaste than his stockings or his waistcoat.

With his curly locks rigorously brushed into the fashionable Brutus, his handsome, aquiline countenance interestingly pale from the nervousness natural to a young gentleman attending his first Ton party, he looked almost as distinguished as the Nonpariel himself.

WHEN Arabella, fleetingly clasping Bertram's hand, bestowed on him so speaking a look of admiration that he was betrayed into a grin so boyish and attractive it caused another early arrival to ask who was that handsome boy.

Emboldened by the intensive coaching of a noted French dancing master, whom he had found the time to visit, Bertram claimed his sister's hand for the first waltz, and acquitted himself so well that Arabella was moved to exclaim, "Oh, Bertram, how elegantly you dance! Do, pray, let us make up a set for the quadrille, and dance together in it!"

This, however, he did not feel himself capable of doing. It was true that he had acquired the rudiments of the more simple steps, but he doubted his ability to go through the grande ronde or the pas de zephyr without muffing those figures.

Gazing up into his face, it occurred to Arabella that he, too, was looking a trifle haggard, and she anxiously asked him if he were quite well.

He assured her that he had never been better in his life, refraining from confiding to her that his adventurous career had made so deep a hole in his purse that the question of how he was to meet his liabilities had been causing him some sleepless nights.

As she had not seen him since a furtive assignation in the Mall one morning, under the vague chaperonage of the nursemaids who aired their charges there, the faint rakishness that now hung about him made her uneasy, and she blamed Mr. Scunthorpe for setting his feet upon a path Papa would certainly not have wished him to tread.

She had formed a poor opinion of Mr. Scunthorpe, and, hoping to introduce Bertram into better company, made him known to young Lord Wivenhoe, heir to an affluent earldom, and known as Chuffy Wivenhoe, an affectionate sobriquet earned for him by his round, good-humored countenace.

This lively young nobleman, though he had not offered for her hand, formed one of Arabella's court, and was one of her favorites, being blessed with ingenuous manners, and an overflowing friendliness. But had she known the manner in which the engaging Chuffy had been reared by a misguided parent, she might have refrained from introducing Bertram to him.

The Earl of Chalgrove blandly encouraged his heir to indulge in every extravagance that captured his erratic fancy, discharging his gaming debts as cheerfully as he discharged the bills that poured in from his tailor, his coachbuilder, his hatter, and a host of other tradesmen who enjoyed his patronage.

Lord Wivenhoe, actually, was some years Bertram's senior, but his mind was as youthful as his countenance, whereas Bertram's aquiline features and superiority of intellectual attainment added several years to his true age.

Please turn to page 42

The Family Scrapbook

By Dr. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

CHILDREN ask questions about practically everything. Often parents feel that what they are asking is over their heads. But what do we really mean by that?

Let's take a couple of eight-year-olds, each of whom has asked: "What's the United Nations?"

In family A, Dad says, "You wouldn't understand, Johnny. I'll tell you when you're older."

In family B, there is a different attitude. Both parents recognise that an eight-year-old cannot be expected to have a thorough understanding of the intricacies of U.N. organisation and objectives, but they believe he can understand some things.

Perhaps they will get hold of pictures of the headquarters. They will tell a simple story of how countries are trying to work together to keep peace and to make life better for everybody. They will use some simple examples.

"What is UNO, Daddy?"

Naturally, much of what they say will be forgotten. Sometimes the child's interest is only a passing one. He won't want to be bothered with a lot of detail; but he gets something. It isn't all over his head.

If you make an effort to answer questions as well as you can, the child will grasp some of what you tell him.

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HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in any strong sun or wind, smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands, arms, too). Don't be stingy. This rich, *rich* cream spreads easily. Your dry, thirsty skin will "soak it right up"—feel softer, moister, more comfortable *at once!*

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective. 1. It is very rich in *lanolin*, most like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening *emulsifier*. At night—work in richly for extra softening. By day—use *lightly* under make-up. *And all summer*—after any sunny, windy exposure.

START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get a jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

—PD114—

PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

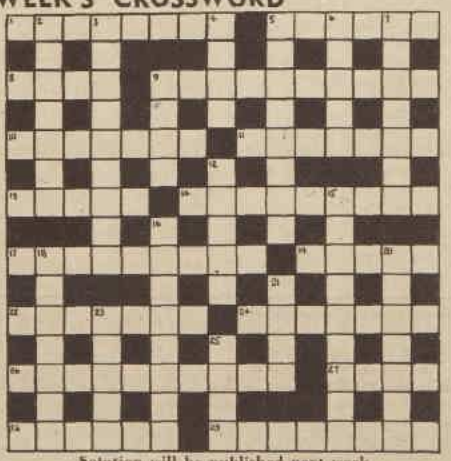
● In Manila, famous lawyer Perry Mason and private detective Paul Drake find Lasa, girl-friend of army deserter Max Carson, strangled. Carson is posing as David Bidon, whose rich wife, Ilya, married again, believing her husband to be dead. Perry, suspecting Carson of murdering Lasa and Bidon, tells him he knows his true identity and that he has found the real Bidon's body.

THE END — BEGINNING NEXT WEEK "THE CASE OF THE CONSTANT CRICKET"

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Echoing about a child and an insect (8).
5. Dormant cannot start early (6).
8. Arrest a holy short musical composition (4).
9. Mother with the real point and the local due becomes a Justice of Peace (10).
10. Trim age (anagr., 7).
11. Mixed perch is celestial (7).
13. In Hindustan a Mohammedan queen is ordered to be an Australian tree (5).
14. A clergyman's length of life is his dwelling-place (9).
17. The principal military camp in England (9).
19. The shaken B.M.A. turned about to produce this fossil resin (5).
22. You must go through the place where the Taj Mahal is to get this clasp (7).
24. This Far Eastern man mainly composed of ridges (7).
26. Proclaim, using a mitiga for centre (10).
27. Be prolific and come face to face when turned (4).
28. Not likely, though firm for a start (6).
29. A bookie and I preach noisily to be one who desires earnestly (8).



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

2. We in ten (anagr., 7).
3. No true pop can be well timed (9).
4. Roman garment made out of a goat (4).
5. Bugle-call after which no letter can be sent (4, 4).
6. Smooth and concise Irish after tea (5).
7. Meshed thread, without deduction before tea make tinkling sound (7).
9. It is in the middle of a modest contribution (4).
12. Metal obstacle on a nobleman (5).
15. No old Greek money before tea or proposer for election (9).
16. In a serviceable manner take employment completely (8).
18. The capital of Chaldea is in a territory of Northern Italy (7).
20. Earnest can be from the Orient (7).
21. This foot-covering without its head is good for loosening soil (4).
23. Dream can make a man provided with weapon (5).
25. The French mother is a Tibetan priest (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

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Pyrethrum

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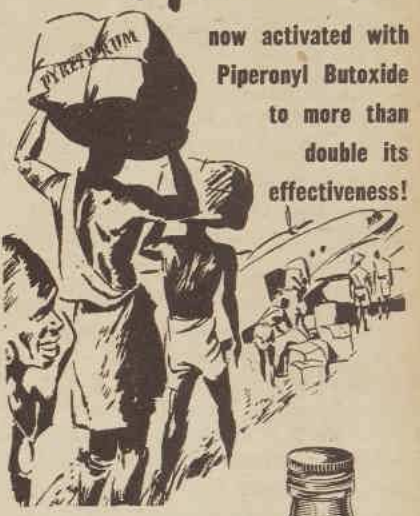

By ship and air from East Africa to the Mortein laboratories in Australia comes scarce, costly Pyrethrum, the world's most dependable insect-killing ingredient. Mortein has always contained a high percentage of Pyrethrum—that is why it has always been recognised as Australia's most effective insect spray.

But now, as the result of an important scientific advance, the Pyrethrum in MORTEIN PLUS is synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide, making it several times more deadly to insect pests. This means that the MORTEIN PLUS you buy to-day has a faster knockdown and greater killing power than any other household insect spray.

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Granola

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Arabella

Continued from page 40

TO Arabella's joy, the two young gentlemen took an instant liking to each other. They found themselves with much in common, and before they had enjoyed each other's society for more than a very few minutes had arranged to go together to a forthcoming race meeting.

Meanwhile, Miss Tallant's pleasure in dancing with her friend from Yorkshire had not passed unnoticed. Gloom was struck into several hearts, for not the most sanguine of her suitors could imagine that she had ever smiled up into his face with such unshadowed affection as she bestowed upon Bertram, or talked so much or so confidentially to him.

It struck one acute observer, Mr. Warkworth, that there was an elusive resemblance between the pair. He mentioned the matter to Lord Fleetwood, who had been so fortunate as to secure the promise of Arabella's hand for the quadrille.

Lord Fleetwood stared hard at the Tallants for a minute or two, but could perceive no likeness, which, indeed, existed more in an occasional expression than in their lineaments.

"No, dash it," he said. "The little Tallant ain't got a beak of a nose."

Mr. Warkworth acknowledged it, and excused his lapse by explaining that it was only a sudden notion he had taken into his head.

Mr. Beaumaris did not arrive until after midnight, and even then he seemed to be in one of his more inaccessible moods.

Having exerted himself to say a few civil things to his hostess, to dance once with a lady to whom she presented him, and once with his cousin, Lady Wainfleet, he occupied himself in strolling through the various saloons, talking languidly to acquaintances, and surveying the company with a faintly bored air.

After about half an hour, when two sets were forming for a country dance, he went in search of Arabella who, at the end of the last dance, had disappeared from the ballroom in the direction of the conservatory, accompanied by the impecunious Horace Epworth.

When Mr. Beaumaris walked into the conservatory, it was to find Arabella shrinking back in a chair in a state of the greatest discomfort, and trying to disengage her hands from the fervent clasp of Mr. Epworth, romantically on his knees before her.

All others having left the conservatory to take their places in the new sets, the enterprising Mr. Epworth, fortified by liberal doses of Lord Bridlington's champagne, had seized the opportunity to press his suit upon the heiress.

Mr. Beaumaris entered in time to hear her utter in a tone of distress, "Oh, pray do not! Mr. Epworth, I implore you, get up! I am very much obliged to you, but I shall never, never change my mind! It is ungentlemanly of you to tease me like this!"

"Pray don't be such a dead bore, Epworth!" Mr. Beaumaris said coolly. "I came to ask you if you would stand up with me for the next dance, Miss Tallant."

She was blushing furiously, and returned rather an incoherent answer. Mr. Epworth, considerably mortified at having been found in such a posture by one whose contempt he dreaded, got to his feet, muttered something about taking his leave, and left the conservatory.

Mr. Beaumaris, taking Arabella's fan from her hand, unfurled it, and began gently to wave it beside her heated countenance. "How many times has he proposed to you?" he inquired conversably. "How very ridiculous he looked, to be sure!"

She was obliged to laugh, but said warmly, "He is the most odious little man, and seems to think he has only to persevere to make me receive his advances with complaisance."

"You must make allowances for him," said Mr. Beaumaris. "If he did not believe you to be a wealthy woman he would cease to trouble you."

Her bosom swelled; she said in a low, shaking voice, "Had it not been for you, sir, he would never have known it!"

He was silent, as much from disappointment as from the rueful knowledge that although Fleetwood's had been the tongue which had spread the rumor, it had been his own malicious words which had convinced Fleetwood of the truth of Arabella's claim.

After a moment, she said in a subdued tone "Shall we take our places in the set?"

"No, the numbers must by now be made up," he replied, continuing to fan her.

"Oh! Well—well, perhaps we should go back into the ballroom, at all events!"

WITH a touch of asperity, Mr. Beaumaris said, "Don't be alarmed. I have not the smallest intention of embarrassing you by kneeling at your feet?"

Her color rushed up again; she turned away her head in confusion, her lip slightly trembling. Mr. Beaumaris shut the fan and gave it back to her.

He said gently, "I am not, I hope, such a coxcomb as to distress you by repeated solicitations, Miss Tallant, but you may believe that I am still of the same mind as I was when I made you an offer. If your sentiments should undergo a change, one word—one look!—would be sufficient to apprise me of it."

She lifted her hand in a gesture imploring his silence.

"Very well," he said. "I shall say no more on that head. But if you should stand in need of a friend at any time, let me assure you that you may depend upon me."

These words, delivered in a more earnest tone than she had yet heard him use, almost made her heart stand still. She was tempted to risk confessing the truth; hesitated, as the dread of seeing his expression change from admiration to disgust took possession of her; and then hurriedly rose to her feet, as another couple entered the conservatory.

The moment was lost, and Mr. Beaumaris saw that it could not be recaptured.

Arabella went back into the ballroom with him; he relinquished her to a partner who came up to claim her; and within a very few minutes had taken leave of his hostess, and left the party.

To be continued

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You're "on your toes" when you start the day with a bracing glass of Andrews. Inner cleanliness is the very basis of good health, and Andrews acts in four ways to insure that your system is cleansed and invigorated.

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Crochet flowers for decorative linens

EASILY WORKED daisy sprays give elegance to this lacy crochet-bordered place-mat.

● Here's how to make the table-mat, above, with crochet border and daisies.

Materials: 1 ball Coats' Mercer Crochet, No. 40, shade 441; 1 ball each Clark's Anchor Fil a'Dentelles, No. 70, shade 582, shade 498, white; ½ yard yellow organdie; Milward's Archer steel hooks, 5½ equals 23 and 6 equals 24.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; dbl. tr., double treble; sl-st., slip stitch; rnd., round; sts., stitches; sp., space.

Crocheted Border: Starting at one corner with Coats' Mercer Crochet, shade 441, and hook 5½ equals 23, ch. 27.

1st Row: Dbl. tr. in 11th ch. from hook, (ch. 3, skip 3 ch., dbl. tr. in next ch.) 4 times, ch. 7, turn.

2nd to 5th Row incl.: Skip first dbl. tr., dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., (ch. 3, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr.) 3 times; ch. 3, skip 3 ch., dbl. tr. in next ch. (one scallop completed), ch. 7, turn.

6th Row: Skip first dbl. tr., dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., (ch 3, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr.) twice, ch. 7, turn.

7th, 8th, and 9th Rows: Skip first dbl. tr., dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., ch 3, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., ch. 3, skip 3 ch., dbl. tr. in next ch., ch. 7, turn.

10th Row: Repeat 9th Row, making ch. 14 (instead of ch. 7) to turn.

11th Row (This starts second scallop): Dbl. tr. in 11th ch. from hook, (ch. 3, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr.) 3 times; ch. 3, skip 3 ch., dbl. tr. in next ch., ch. 7, turn. Repeat 2nd to 11th row incl. until 7 scallops (sections of 5 sps.) have been completed. Break off. This completes one long side.

Attach thread to corner of first sp. on last row and, working along side of this section, make ch. 7, skip first sp., dbl. tr. in next st., (ch. 3, skip next sp., dbl. tr. in next st.) twice, ch. 7, turn.

Continue making scallops as before until there are 5 sections of 5 sps., including the corner section, which was the last section of the long side.

Work other sides to correspond, ending with a section of 3 sps.

Sew last row to first section made to complete border.

The scalloped edges are inner edges of border.

Work d.c. closely along outer edges of border.

Press border, place over organdie and sew in place with close blanket-stitch.

Daisy (make 6): Starting at centre with white Fil a'Dentelles and hook 6 equals 24, ch. 10. Join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: 24 d.c. in ring, sl-st. in first d.c.

2nd Round: * ch. 14, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in each ch. across, d.c. in next 2 d.c. on ring (one petal completed); repeat from * around (12 petals.)

3rd Round: * Working over 2 strands of the thread, d.c. in each ch. of next petal, 5 d.c. in last ch.; working over the two strands as before and over the d.c.s of petal, make d.c. at base of each d.c. of petal, skip 1 d.c. on ring, d.c. in next d.c. Repeat from * around, sl-st. in first d.c. Break off.

Centre: Starting at centre with Fil a'Dentelles, shade 582, hook 6 equals 24, ch. 2.

1st Round: 5 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. in back loop of each d.c.

3rd Round: * D.c. in back loop of next d.c., 2 d.c. in back loop of next d.c. Repeat from * around.

4th and 5th Rounds: D.c. in back loop of each d.c. around, sl-st. in next d.c. Break off. Stuff centre with a piece of thread thicker than used, and sew neatly in place.

Large Leaf (make two): Starting at centre with green Fil a'Dentelles, hook 6 equals 24, ch. 25 (the end of this chain is tip of leaf).

1st Row: D.c. in second ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., ch. 5, d.c. in second ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., d.c. in next 7 ch., sl-st. in next ch., turn, d.c. in next 5 d.c., (ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., d.c. in each d.c. and in next 5 ch., sl-st. in next ch., turn, d.c. in next 7 d.c.) twice, ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., sl-st. in next d.c., break off.

Working along opposite side of starting ch., attach thread to 5th chain from tip of leaf, ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., and continue to correspond with side just completed.

Small Leaf (make two): Starting at centre with green Fil a'Dentelles, ch. 12.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3ch., d.c. in next 5 ch., sl-st. in next ch., d.c. in next 3 d.c., ch. 5, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., sl-st. in next d.c. Break off. Working along opposite side of starting chain, attach thread in 5th ch. from tip, ch. 5, d.c. in second ch. from hook and in next 3 ch., and continue to correspond with side just completed.

Sew three daisies, a large leaf, and a small leaf at each of two diagonally opposite corners as shown in illustrations.

Seam: With green Fil a'Dentelles make 3 chains of desired lengths for each flower group and sew in place as illustrated.

Cherry sprays for a bath set

● Ordinary bath towels can be made attractive by the simple addition of cherry sprays, as shown at right. Directions follow.

Materials: 1 ball each Clark's "Anchor" Pearl cotton, size 8, 498 green, 752 rose, 478 brown; Milward's steel crochet hook 5 equals 22.

Spray—Cherry (make 3): Starting at centre with rose No. 752, ch 2.

1st Round: 7 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, join to first d.c. Now work in rows as follows:

1st Row: 3 d.c. in same place as sl-st., d.c. and half tr. in next d.c., 2 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., half tr. and d.c. in next d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. Turn.

2nd Row: * D.c. in first st., 2 d.c. in next st. Repeat from * across. Turn.

3rd Row: D.c. in each d.c. across, d.c. along top of cherry: sl-st. in first d.c. Break off.

Stem: Cut one strand of green, 24in. long, double, and draw through top of cherry. With double strand ch. 12. Break off.

Large Leaf: Starting at centre with green, ch. 15.

1st Round: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next ch., half tr. in next ch., tr. in each ch. across to within last 3 ch. half tr. in next ch., d.c. in next 2 ch., ch. 3, work along opposite side of starting chain to correspond. Join and break off.

Small Leaf (make 2): Work as for large leaf, making ch. 12 at centre instead of ch. 15.

Branch: Starting at long side with brown 478, ch. 40.

1st Row: Half tr. in 3rd ch. from hook and in next 14 ch., d.c. in next 12 ch., sl-st. in next 6 ch. Break off, leaving last 5 ch. free. Make 4 more sprays in this manner and sew across bath towel. Make 4 sprays for hand towel and 1 spray for wash cloth. Sew in place.

REALISTIC CHERRY SPRAYS may be worked in crochet on plain bath towels or on table or tray linens.

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OUT OF A HEATWAVE CAME A BRAINWAVE!

MINT JELLY CONSOMME

Four large teaspoons of Bonox, 4 tablespoons chopped mint (or parsley), 5 teaspoons gelatine, 1 pint water, salt, pepper to taste.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil. Pour over mint and gelatine. Let stand 5 minutes. Strain; make up to 1 pint by adding cold water. Gradually add Bonox. Season with salt and pepper. Chill until set. Serve icy-cold. Serves 4.

Stimulate jaded appetites with

Summer Soups

— made with BONOX

Quick—easy—economical to make—and oh! so stimulating to drowsy summer appetites!

Why didn't we think of it before! It's a *wonderful* new idea! All you need is a bottle of Bonox, a few simple, inexpensive ingredients, and ZESTO!—you serve the most exciting liquid and jellied soups you've tasted in years!

So quick and easy to make, they beat the heat, the budget and stimulate dulled, jaded appetites. These icy-cold soups will not only start a meal right — but actually help you and your family get the most *good* out of summer meals you plan.

Food scientists say: "Appetites are often stimulated by meat extracts and peptones."

Bonox is a blend of these!

So, this summer, serve all the goodness—all the *concentrated* goodness—of rich, prime beef . . . in this new, delicious icy-cold way!

BONOX
Made by KRAFT

2 more tempting Ice Cold Soups!

ICED MINT BONOX CONSOMME.
Four large teaspoons Bonox, 4 tablespoons chopped mint (or parsley), 1 pint of water, salt and pepper.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil. Pour over mint. Let stand about 5 minutes. Strain; make up to 1 pint by adding cold water. Gradually add Bonox, then salt, pepper to taste. Chill and serve. Serves 4.

ICED JELLIED BONOX CONSOMME.
Four large teaspoons Bonox, 1 pint water, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 5 teaspoons gelatine, salt and pepper to taste.

Bring 1/3rd pint of water to boil; pour over gelatine to dissolve. Gradually add to Bonox and Worcestershire sauce. Stir in rest of water; add salt, pepper. Allow to set. Chill. Serves 4.

P.S.—For a quick, mid-morning 'lift', don't forget your cup of hot Bonox.

COLONIAL STYLE

A GRAPEVINE trailing over open beams gives a charming pattern of light and shade to the stone-flagged terrace of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. White's home at Warrawee, N.S.W. The dining and sitting rooms open on to the terrace, which, in pleasant weather, is used for family meals. The door at the far end leads to the service yard.

SPACIOUS KITCHEN has well-grouped, built-in cupboards. The stainless-steel-topped serving table which separates the breakfast recess from the kitchen working area has drawers and cupboards which open on both sides.

THE background of tall gums behind their early colonial-style home at Warrawee, N.S.W., prompted Mr. and Mrs. H. E. White to call it "Shadow Wood."

The house, which faces south, was built close to the street so that the greater part of the land could be used for out-of-door living, taking full advantage of the northerly aspect.

At the back of the house is a wide, stone-flagged terrace framed with lawns and shrubs and a background of tall trees.

Doors open on to the terrace from the dining and sitting rooms. The kitchen and upstairs bedrooms have windows which overlook the garden.

GREEN-TILED ROOF and matching painted woodwork of the garage doors and windows stand out against the cream-painted brickwork of the house. The entrance-porch door is painted a lively red. The garage and the sitting-room on the right were added after building restrictions were lifted. A door from the house also gives access to the garage.

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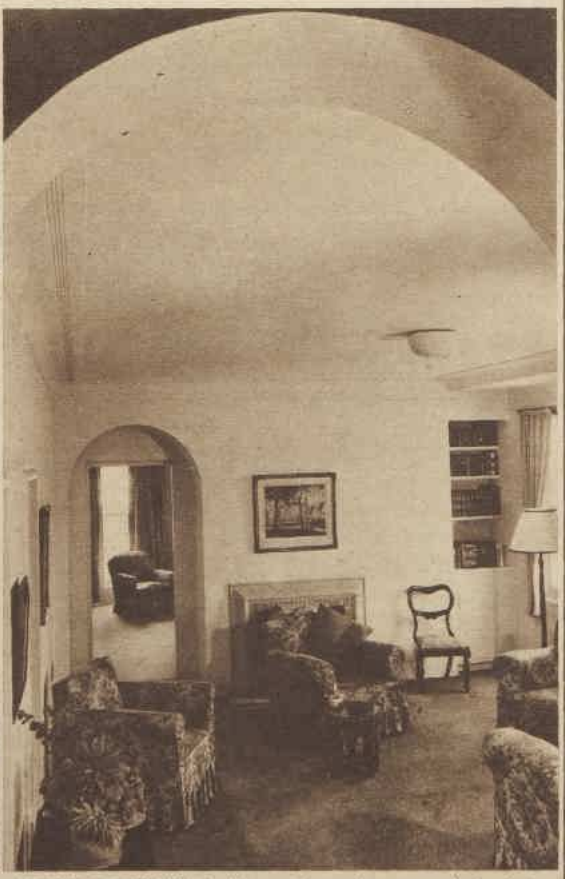
OUTDOOR LIVING AREA at the back of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. White's home. The second-floor bedroom windows are shuttered to keep the rooms cool. Mrs. White and her son Ian are sitting under the sun umbrella. The walled flower borders are backed with shrubs and shade trees, which give the garden privacy.

DUCKEGG-GREEN walls, ceiling, and woodwork and grey-green damask drapes in the sitting-room. The carpet is mushroom with delphinium-blue and green predominating in the linen lounge covers.

PALE BLUE WALLS and rich amethyst-toned carpet form the background for the period furniture in Mrs. White's room. Window drapes and bedspread are cream chintz with a floral pattern.



ARCHED DOORWAYS leading to the smoke-room and the sitting-room are graceful features of the house. The smoke-room (above) opens directly off the front porch and also serves as a vestibule. Red lounge chairs are an effective contrast to the green carpet.

"the friendly foods!"

Sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander — IF IT'S IMPERIAL.

No other sauce is so relished by the world and his wife as Imperial Tomato Sauce because of the flavour, zest and tang which only IMPERIAL can extract from tomatoes.

Whatever the dish — from goose or gander to "sausages and mashed" — it is lifted into the highest realm of the cooking art when it is served with

Imperial
TOMATO SAUCE

The Best canned foods are branded Imperial
They're Flavour-Sealed!

Delicious Imperial meals...right off your kitchen shelf

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Suit to rave about!

. . . . Suit that sets people talking! Beautifully tailored with a truly fashionable line, this elegant suit has a neat knee-pleat at front, back, and sides for easy movement. In pure wool material and a wide range of lovely colours.

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BEAT HOT-WEATHER HAZARDS WITH DAIRY-FRESH TRUFOOD

No need to worry about milk "turning" in hot weather, no fear of epidemics, when you give your family Trufood and use it in your cooking. Trufood contains no preservatives and nothing has been removed but the water. The handy 12 oz. tin makes 4 pints of fresh milk (including nearly ¼ a pint of cream).

FREE! SEND FOR THE TRUFOOD RECIPE BOOK

More than 70 delightful recipes for scones, cakes, fillings, sweets, puddings, soups, sauces and savouries. Simply write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper marked "Trufood Recipe Book" and post to Box 3922, G.P.O., Sydney.

TF.91.WW62a

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6817.—Beginners' pattern for an infant's coat. Size, infant's. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special price 2/-.

F6767.—Long - sleeved lace - trimmed nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, plus 1½yds. ½in. lace edging, plus 1½yds. ½in. lace insertion. Price 4/6.

F6768.—Tailored one-piece styled with a petal-shaped collar and front fastening. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6769.—Smart daytime dress designed on slim lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6771.—Classic-style nurse's uniform. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F6802.—Formal evening dress has unusual frilly trim in contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7¼yds. 36in. material and 3¼yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Ultimo House, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-P, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 179.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES

The garments are available cut out ready to sew and have full making instructions. The material is a printed cotton dimity. Color choice includes royal-blue, red, and green, all printed on a white ground.

Sizes, frock, length 18in. for 2 years, 15/6; 20in. for 4 years, 16/3; 22in. for 6 years, 16/11; 27in. for 8 years, 17/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

Sizes, panties, 2 years, 3/11; 4 years, 4/3; 6 years, 5/3; 8 years, 5/9. Postage and registration 7d. extra.

No. 177.—LUNCHEON SET AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The set is clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen and on sheer linen in white, blue, green, and pink. The centre mat measures 11in. by 17in., the plate mat 9in. by 11in., the cup-and-saucer mat 5in. by 5in., and the serviette 11in. by 11in.

Nine-piece set with one centre, four plate and four cup-and-saucer mats. Price, 16/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

Thirteen-piece set with one centre, six plate and six cup-and-saucer mats. Price, 18/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

Serviettes in Irish linen and sheer linen, 1/3 each. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 180.—INFANTS' LAYETTE

The set includes dress, petticoat, matinee-jacket, and nightgown. The garments are cut out ready to sew and have full making instructions. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, pale pink, and blue.

Sizes, infant's to six months. Price, dress, 19/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Petticoat, 11/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Jacket, 10/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Nightgown, 21/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Complete set, 62/6. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 178.—TABLE-RUNNER

The design is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen, on sheer linen in green, white, and blue, and on British cotton in pastel green, pink, blue, and lemon. Size 36in. by 17in. at centre circle. Price in linen, 8/11. Postage 7d. extra. In cotton, 6/3. Postage 7d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

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BROKEN FINGERNAILS. Cover a broken fingernail with "Durex" Tape. Trim to shape, then cover with nail polish and you can't tell it's broken. You can also use "Durex" Tape for removing old nail polish.

Now, more tape for your money. With the handy "Durex" Plaid Dispenser you now get 200 inches of ½ inch tape for only 1/9. 100 ins. ½ in. TAPE, 1/3. 300 ins. ½ in. TAPE, 3/-. PLASTIC HAND DISPENSER only 3/-. Tape 5/9

DUREX BRAND Cellulose TAPE

Made in Australia by Bahr-Manning (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W. (Formerly Aust. Durex Products Pty. Ltd.)

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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

Lamingtons win prize

Children and grown-ups will both enjoy the golden lamingtons that win this week's main prize.

FOR special occasions serve the lamingtons with a decoration of fresh orange or lemon leaves. This way they make a colorful and tempting addition to the table.

Hold each cake square firmly on the prongs of a large fork when dipping in the jelly.

Spaghetti scramble, an appetising combination of spaghetti, tomatoes, chives, eggs, and garlic, will be popular for luncheon or light dinner. This recipe wins a consolation prize this week.

Other prizes go to uncooked chocolate nut bars and a baked apple honey pudding.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE NUT BARS are quick and easy to prepare. They are delicious for afternoon tea or supper. Cut into blocks and served with ice-cream, they make a nice sweet. See the prize-winning recipe on this page.

GOLDEN LAMINGTONS

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons shortening, ½ cup warm milk, 2 eggs, juice and grated rind of 1 orange, 1 packet orange jelly, toasted desiccated coconut.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Fold in shortening melted in warm milk and well-beaten eggs. Lastly fold in orange rind and juice. Mix well, fill into greased lamington-tin or large slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, cut into small squares. Prepare jelly according to directions. Allow to become cold. Dip cake squares in when jelly has thickened sufficiently to make a thin coating without soaking in too much. Toss in coconut. Place in refrigerator or ice-chest 15 minutes. Store in cool place.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Clay, 28 Emu St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

SPAGHETTI SCRAMBLE

Two cups cooked spaghetti, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 small clove garlic, 2 large tomatoes (skins removed), 1 tablespoon shortening, 3 eggs.

Cook spaghetti and finely chopped garlic in fast-boiling salted water 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water. Return to saucepan with chives, sliced tomatoes, shortening, and salt to taste. Cover, and cook slowly until tomatoes are soft. Remove from fire, add eggs (unbeaten) one at a time. Stir until well mixed. Cook very gently, stirring occasionally, until set. Serve on toast with grilled bacon. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Thom, 93 Glenferrie Rd., Kew E.4, Vic.

CHOCOLATE NUT BARS

Four ounces shortening, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg, ½lb. plain biscuits (Marie, coffee, or similar biscuits), 1 teaspoon rum or vanilla, ½ cup salted peanuts.

Melt shortening, add sugar, cocoa, and beaten egg. Stir well, cook 1 minute. Fold in crushed biscuits, nuts, and rum or vanilla. Press firmly into greased tin, chill until set. Cut into fingerlengths or blocks. May be decorated with vanilla or lemon icing if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Venz, 88 North Terrace, Kent Town, S.A.

APPLE HONEY PUDDING

Three cooking apples, ½ cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons honey, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon custard powder, 1 scant cup milk, 1oz. shortening (melted), 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, shredded almonds.

Peel and slice apples. Place in bottom of greased oven-proof dish or 5 or 6 individual-size dishes. Cover with half the brown sugar and warmed honey. Beat egg-yolk, add remaining brown sugar, custard powder (blended with a little of the milk), and shortening. Fold in sifted flour and salt and balance of milk. Pour over apples. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly, top with meringue made with egg-white and castor sugar. Stick with almonds, return to oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Harding, 45 Goodlands Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

APPLE HONEY PUDDING is a substantial sweet for summer or winter. Made in individual dishes, it can be served easily and looks most attractive. See recipe.

Minerals for good health

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IRON, one of the most important minerals for good nutrition, is found not only in the red blood-cells but in all the actively functioning cells of the body. It is needed to enable the blood to carry oxygen from the lungs to the tissues of the body.

The body stores only a small amount of iron. If the output exceeds the intake a condition known as anaemia occurs.

Milk, although it contains an abundance of calcium and valuable vitamins, is deficient in iron.

For this reason nature takes iron from the mother's blood during pregnancy and stores it in the liver cells of the developing baby so that this supply can be drawn on while the baby is on an exclusively milk diet.

Expectant and nursing mothers and young children therefore particularly need a diet rich in iron.

Green leafy vegetables such as spinach, celery, cabbage, lettuce, and parsley, egg-yolk, whole grain cereals, dried fruits, and meat, particularly liver and kidney, are all good sources of iron.

A leaflet describing the value of iron and other mineral elements needed in the diet can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with the request.

Wham —it's good! —specially for picnics!

Wham — the delicious blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef.

Wham is all meat. Rich, super-tasty meat. No bones, no gristle, no useless, expensive fat, but prime beef and tasty tender sugar-cured ham blended together in a completely new way. Here's a delicious meat in a jiffy, one you'll serve often.

PRESSURE-COOKED FOR EXTRA FLAVOUR! Wham is pressure-cooked in the tin to seal in those rich ham and beef juices. EXTRA flavour, EXTRA nourishment this way!

Wham — beats the HIGH cost of meat!

Worried about meat prices? Forget it! Wham is ALL meat. Nothing but good rich meat — at a reasonable price. So serve all the meat you and your family want. Serve plenty of Wham — hot or cold.

made by KRAFT

12 OZ. AND 4 OZ TINS.

YOU CAN LAUGH AT HIGH PRICES

with PECK'S 8 palate-pleasing PASTES

The Battle of the Budget isn't funny, but you can have a quiet chuckle when you use Peck's. Peck's eight concentrated pastes spread *and* spread for sandwiches (1 jar makes 24) or transform "leftovers" into savoury budget-saving meals.

A little PECK'S goes such a long way!

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HERE'S THE BREAKFAST WITH **BIG** VALUE

***Food experts say . . .**

One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you ONE THIRD of your daily food needs.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes—the most delicious . . . biggest breakfast bargain of *all*!

Nobody can make a breakfast cereal as good as Kellogg's. And Kellogg's Corn Flakes start where the others leave off — in flavour, crispness and quality.

Always big, golden and toasty-tasty —they simply melt in your mouth!

Only 30 seconds to serve—no dirty pans or grillers to wash.

COMPARE THE COST PER SERVE WITH OTHER FOODS

Consider the cost of meat, fish, eggs, bacon these days and you'll soon see how Kellogg's Corn Flakes save you **real** money!

Kellogg's

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

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SAVORY FISH RING, simple to make and delicious to eat, is an ideal "special occasion" dish which looks very attractive served with salad. Cream cheese and quartered hard-boiled eggs are used as a garnish.

SALAD SPECIALITIES

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

CRISP, freshly prepared salads contrast admirably with soft foods in the menu. They abound in health-giving vitamins and minerals and they are refreshing in summer.

The most attractive salads are those which are arranged simply, either on one large platter or on individual plates.

Salads served as a main course should include satisfying protein-rich food such as meat, eggs, cheese, or fish.

Savory fish ring and pork and tongue loaf are two tempting dishes which combine so well with salad ingredients that they may definitely be considered "salad specialties."

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY FISH RING

Three dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1½ pints meat or vegetable stock, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 slices of onion, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¾ cup cooked egg noodles or vermicelli, 1½ cups flaked cooked fish (fresh, salted, or tinned), 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, nut of butter, cooked carrot slices and cooked peas, cream cheese, salad ingredients.

Place stock or water in saucepan with lemon juice, salt, onion, meat extract, and sauce. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes. Strain, add gelatine softened in cold water, stir until dissolved. Allow to become cold, set a thin layer in base of ring tin. Arrange carrot slices and peas, add more jelly, allow to set. Mix vermicelli and flaked fish with mashed eggs, moisten with mayonnaise and melted butter. Spread in tin, add a little more jelly. When set add balance of jelly, chill until firm. Unmould, serve in wedges garnished with cream cheese and extra pieces of hard-boiled egg if desired. Serve with salad.

PORK AND TONGUE LOAF

Four sheep's tongues, 1 thick slice of onion, thin piece lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 4 pork sausages, 3 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup tongue stock, ¾ cup water, 1 clove of garlic, 2 gherkins, 1 or 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook tongues until tender with onion, lemon rind, cloves, vinegar, and sugar. Drain, skin, cut into thin slices. Prick sausages well, simmer 10 minutes; drain, skin, cut into thin slices. Mix with tongues, add chopped gherkins, eggs, and parsley. Soften gelatine in water, add tongue stock, finely chopped garlic. Bring to boil, cool. Pour carefully into tin, chill until set. Unmould, serve in slices with salad ingredients.

DEVILLED EGGS IN TOMATO CUPS

Four medium-sized tomatoes, salt, 4 or 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped or grated onion or 3 finely chopped shallots, ½ cup mashed potato, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, cayenne pepper according to taste, parsley sprigs, salad ingredients.

Wash and dry tomatoes. Carefully remove stem end with sharp-pointed knife. Cut each tomato into 6 pieces without cutting completely through. Gently press each portion out to make a rose. Sprinkle inside with salt. Shell the eggs, mash well, mix with onion or shallot, potato, mayonnaise. Flavor with cayenne pepper and salt. Fill into tomato cups, top with sprig of parsley. Serve cold with salad ingredients.

SOFTENED CREAM CHEESE flavored with grated onion fills the tomato rose in this individual salad (left). Lettuce, slivers of cheese, curled celery, cress, and a few prunes complete the salad.

AN AMERICAN SALAD PLATE (right) features apple wedges drenched with lemon juice, orange slices, onion rings, prunes, celery, and lettuce. Try this as an appetiser.

BANANA BOAT SALAD (left) will appeal to children. The banana must be dipped in lemon juice to preserve the color. Sails are made from cheese wedges and secured with cocktail sticks.

HARD-BOILED EGGS, pineapple, tomato, and cream cheese are the main ingredients in the salad on the right. Serve this individual salad well chilled. Mayonnaise may be served separately.

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Exciting "Rich-yet-Mild" flavour everyone loves!

S-P-R-E-A-D this new "rich-yet-mild" cheese food *straight onto* bread, toast or biscuits for really delicious sandwiches, savouries and snacks. While you're spreading remember that Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese. It is a cheese *food*, rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, plus Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also — Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically wrapped, Velveeta is completely protected. It stays fresh and delicious. Try Velveeta — *today!*

*AT SIMILAR DEGREES OF TEMPERATURE.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, PRINCESS NARDA: and LOTHAR: Their giant Nubian servant, found adventure on Fear Island, a former South Sea paradise which had fallen into the hands of thieves. The leader of the gang, the sinister Headman, imprisoned the friends, but Mandrake escaped, discovered the armory where the thieves' guns were hidden, and armed the islanders. A sudden midnight attack overpowered the gang, and the friends sailed away, leaving a happy island. NOW READ ON.

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